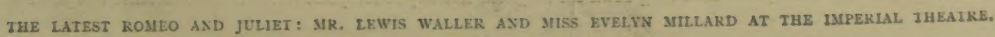


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SKETCHES BY S. BEGG,—(SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES.")

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I am sitting in the pleasant hall of the Hotel Métropole at Brighton, watching with after-dinner contentment the picturesque tide of life that flows so strongly thither at Easter. To me appears a friend I have not seen for years. At the Métropole in the holiday season you always light on friends whom you have not seen for years: it is a *spécialité de la maison*, as they say of some remarkable dish in a Paris restaurant. There is a little formula for such meetings: both of you say: "Well, you haven't aged a bit"; and then you fall to comparing notes about ailments, and assure each other that, such as they are, they have impaired the vitality and personal beauty of neither. Of all the conventions of friendship this is the most endearing! Well, my friend is a solicitor, one of the daisies from Lincoln's Inn Fields; and I note that he still preserves the modest address of such unassuming flowers. "I am not like you literary gents," says he, "all romance and imagination. I take a dry, legal view of things. Ha! Whom have we here? That old gentleman with long grey hair, who looks as if he had played the violoncello all his life, is a Judge of the High Court. The old lady with the missionary air is his wife; and the very dignified Japanese gentleman, who, as you perceive, is rather above the ordinary stature of his countrymen—" "He must be an Elder Statesman from Tokio," I observe respectfully. "You are wrong," says my friend, "I am informed that he is the celebrated wrestler, who has put our thews and sinews to shame in several popular music-halls."

"I have seen Judges on circuit," I remark, "arriving in a town for the Assizes with the old-fashioned escort of javelin men; but why does a Judge of the High Court, not engaged in official business, come to the Métropole with a Japanese wrestler? Does he need this bodyguard to protect him against disappointed litigants, who are spending all the money they have left, after paying your costs, on the wassail of this agreeable hotel?" "There's another!" exclaims my dry legal friend. Sure enough, there is a second Japanese gentleman, of a type very different from the first. He has not the mild, thoughtful brow of the wrestler, but looks like one of the feudal lords of Old Japan, who wield the two-handed swords of their sires on lacquered screens in curiosity-shops. "He has brought it with him," says Lincoln's Inn. "Brought what?" "The two-handed sword of his ancient family. It is here, concealed in a bundle of golf-sticks. Do you mark that they don't appear to know each other—these Japanese strangers? At home, among the chrysanthemums, they were boys together; here they do not speak when they pass by." "Some diplomatic intrigue, no doubt. And the Judge is in it, you may be sure. All we need now to complete the dramatic situation is a Russian Grand Duke."

There is no such a personage; but I observe with interest a youth who has dyed his love-locks to the tint of bronze. "Very remarkable case," says the lawyer. "Should it ever come into court I shall produce evidence to show that the accused said he didn't care a rap for Marie Corelli's opinion." "What opinion, in the name of goodness?" "Why, that people who dye their hair, or manicure their nails, violate all laws, human and divine. In the bloom of early manhood, he has dyed his hair bronze as a protest against this judgment. What's more, he is ready to show it to a jury. I'm his solicitor. Do you see the girl who has just come in with a long white coat and a hat jammed over her eyes with great firmness of character? That is a Comrade." "What is a Comrade?" "Haven't you heard? O the ignorance of the newspaper man! When Lady Warwick addressed a meeting of Socialists as 'Comrades,' you remember, she apologised for her fashionable garments. Then some woman with a logical mind said: 'But why wear fashionable garments? We can't have a common standard of Comradeship for men and women until we adopt a costume which shall make every Socialist recognise that we are earnestly bent on reforming and transforming society.' So the League of Comrades was formed; and the young woman in the overcoat, with her hat jammed over her eyes, is the honorary secretary, boldly advertising her principles in this throng of chiffons!"

Does any Socialist at the Métropole, I wonder, feel a yearning to murmur "Comrade!" in her ear? Or does he turn his admiring gaze upon the dazzling raiment which proclaims the eternal femininity of "dress"? I see that Mr. H. G. Wells, in his "Modern Utopia," finds this femininity too "clamorous." Of the woman of fashion he says: "Arrayed in what she distinctively calls 'dress,' scented, showily displayed, she achieves by artifice a sexual differentiation profounder than that of any other vertebrate animal." Far different are the women of Utopia.

"Among a group of them a European woman of fashion, in her lace and feathers, her hat and metal ornaments, her mixed accumulation of 'trimmings,' would look like a barbarian tricked out with the miscellaneous plunder of a museum." Utopian ladies, it is clear, seek to be Comrades, not distracting divinities. Their attire, indeed, is so little feminine that when they are slender they are garbed not unlike Rosalind in the forest, what time Orlando took her for a boy. The Utopian lady's hair is "very simply, but very carefully and beautifully dressed"; a pretty large concession, you may think, to femininity. The magic of a woman's hair—well, what have the poets and romancers not written about it? But, "except in very sunny weather," no Utopian woman wears hat or bonnet! No hats! No mixed accumulation of trimmings! Mr. Wells is a revolutionary who makes all other revolutionaries seem like bigoted reactionaries.

Think of a revolution that will abolish milliners, and make desolate the shrines of the Rue de la Paix. Think of the Parisian actresses dressed as Comrades. "The costume of the women at least," says the relentless Wells, "would be soberer and more practical, and less differentiated from the men's." Think of sober and practical gowns for reigning beauties. Or is it possible that under the stress of Comradeship beauty would disappear? Mr. Wells cannot desire that surely, or he would not let his Utopian damsels cultivate the perfection of hair-dressing. Will not that have the effect of differentiating women from men? Is there no danger that the Utopian Comrades of the masculine order will be tempted to dye their hair bronze, just for the sake of equality with the fair? A social system, at all events, in which there are no fashions, seems uncanny. Rather than have no change in the mode, some Parisian ladies would gladly go back to the crinoline. "You call it ugly," says one; "but there are no ugly fashions for those who know how to wear them." Who is going to shackle that proud spirit? And apart from woman's natural hankerings, how many men are likely to follow Mr. Wells, and demand that her dress shall be less differentiated from man's? Man has a passion for faces and feathers; and it is probable that a civilisation far more Utopian than our own will continue to cherish them.

Woman's dress is inspired by temperament as well as fashion. When nature first made her tall, and ordained that she shall carry her head in a commanding manner, what wonder that she is plumed for a morning walk like an Indian princess? As she sweeps through the hall with regal composure, I note that her whole toilette is temperamental; it seems to indicate the lull that forebodes the storm; and manifestly it quells the youth who follows in her train, and does her behests in pleasure or in pain. His costume also has a trick of temperament, if one may judge by his waistcoat, which is green, picked out with small white spots. The coat is negligently buttoned so as to bring the upper part of the waistcoat into view; and as the young man's gaze droops upon this splendour, perhaps the cheerful mixture of white and green helps to keep up his spirits, which suffer a little from the rather threatening finery sailing in front of him. Would Mr. Coulson Kernahan, who preaches the "simple life," reproach him on account of that brilliant waistcoat, when, for aught we know, it may be his cuirass against the slings and arrows of the disdainful fair?

I see that M. le Bargy, the distinguished artist of the Comédie Française, has vindicated man's silk hat against the strictures of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who called it a "tube." He says that "men should suit their headgear and dress to their temperament, and thus realise harmony of effect." We can be as simple harmonies in silk hats and frock coats as Lady Warwick's Comrades, or the peptic members of the Gaelic League, in flowing capes and soft sombreros. If it comes to that, I am leading as simple a life in this hotel as Mr. Coulson Kernahan can boast when he takes his "woodland walk" with Emerson, and listens to the "mocking thrush." Society, he says, may shut her doors on him, so long as he is "free of the fields and the forests, so long as the flowers smile for me, and the birds, the bees, and the butterflies are my brothers." Well, I am free to contemplate that green waistcoat with the small white spots, and I have a fraternal sentiment for the butterfly who wears it. The mocking thrush, after all, is not so entertaining as the haughty creature with the temperamental fixings, although she is tricked out like a barbarian.

As for birds, my dear Kernahan, the Métropole has an aviary, and this morning I witnessed a thrilling incident there. Sitting under a palm, I heard some inquisitive piping over my head, and saw that one of my small feathered brothers had escaped from his cage. Then came a heartless waiter with a net, and recaptured him. I never felt our family ties so strongly, for I know there is a net, handled by a heartless Editor, stretching down the Brighton Railway to recapture me.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ROMEO AND JULIET," AT THE IMPERIAL.

Mr. Lewis Waller's revival of "Romeo and Juliet" is quite the briskest and most entertaining Shakspearean production we remember to have seen. Sense of fatefulness, elevation of sentiment, appreciation of poetry are scarcely its characteristics, and, these difficulties shirked, the actor-manager of the Imperial Theatre has found it easy to present Shakspeare's great tragedy of youthful love as a full-blooded romantic melodrama. From this point of view there is no denying the effectiveness of the presentation and representation offered by Mr. Waller and his associates. The mounting of the play is picturesque rather than glamorous; the interpretation, while lacking in suggestiveness and imaginative appeal, is distinguished by vitality, quick rush of feeling, and real passion. Mr. Waller makes a handsome, gallant, impetuous, eloquent Romeo, but it is significant of his histrionic limitations that he scores most in the passage wherein Romeo outfaces Tybalt, and in the Friar's-cell scene, where the young husband abandons himself to unrestrained despair. Here Mr. Waller's stirring, trumpet-tongued declamation and sheer surrender to hysteria afford his audience a delightfully electrical shock. So, too, Miss Evelyn Millard provides us with a melodramatic rather than a tragic Juliet. She was arch, last Saturday, in the balcony scene, uncertain and therefore theatrical in the potion speech, and only attained a really poignant expression of emotion in that portion of the play in which the ill-starred lovers part and Juliet receives the announcement of her projected marriage with Paris. And, just as both Mr. Waller and Miss Millard, moving as was their display of feeling, charming to the ear as was their delivery of the verse, were nevertheless lacking in temperament, so Mr. H. V. Esmond, that talented impersonator of elderly, fantastic youths and whimsical, infantile old men, gave us a Mercutio who was a sombre, irritable man of forty, free from all suspicion of high spirits or youthful gaiety, and prone to indulge a humour sardonic rather than light-hearted. Still, though he spoilt the Queen Mab speech by indistinctness of utterance and ill-timed intensity, he certainly infused into Mercutio's death-scene true dignity and impressiveness.

THE SHAKSPEARE FESTIVAL AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Nobody can say that, with the prospect of three or perhaps four rival Hamlets in London, with the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Imperial, and with the current Shakspeare Festival at His Majesty's, West-End managers are not paying sufficient homage to the Bard during his birthday week. Mr. Tree has been presenting a different Shakspearean play each night of the week, mounted with all that spectacular magnificence which has always been characteristic of his management, the programme including "Richard II.," "The Merry Wives," "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," "Much Ado," and "Julius Cæsar." It is sufficient proof of the versatility of this actor's talent and of his wonderful memory that he is able within a week to interpret to his audience's satisfaction such very different rôles as the *fainéant* Plantagenet King, Falstaff, Malvolio, Hamlet, Benedick, and Mark Antony. Agreeable features of the festival have been Miss Viola Tree's assumptions of the rôles of "Sweet" Anne Page and Richard the Second's Queen.

THE MERMAID REPERTORY THEATRE AND SHERIDAN'S "CRITIC."

At the little playhouse in Great Queen Street the Mermaid Repertory Theatre started its career admirably this week with a revival of Sheridan's famous burlesque "The Critic," in which Mr. Philip Carr, director of the enterprise, instituted a reform which might well be adopted in the representation of other old comedies—that of sweeping aside all the irrelevant gags and traditional business with which dead-and-gone comedians have disfigured the play, and adopting the plain text as it was left by the author. The result justified Mr. Carr's confidence in Sheridan's powers to amuse, for the piece, thus pruned of its excrescences, played to a constant accompaniment of laughter. It was rendered in just the right spirit, if not always with perfection of technique, by an enthusiastic company, which included Mr. Frank Lascelles as Sir Fretful Plagiary, Mr. Michael Sherbrook as Puff, Mr. George Ingletton as Snee, and the inimitable Mrs. Theodore Wright as Mrs. Dangle.

"WHAT PAMELA WANTED," AT THE CRITERION.

At length Miss Ethel Irving has taken the inevitable step of entering into management, and in the new play, "What Pamela Wanted," written by the author of "The Marriage of Kitty" and adapted by Mr. Charles Brookfield, has secured from the general public a confirmation of that critical approval which her brilliant impersonation of Millamant in Congreve's "Way of the World" had already obtained for her from the more eclectic playgoer. Not that this piece, which is somewhat on the lines of the "Marriage of Kitty"—that is to say, shows two young married people of the smart school learning to love each other, but has an infinitely thinner story than its predecessor, and is really a mere farce of a very artless and loosely constructed type—not that it gives Miss Irving any adequate chance of proving what an accomplished comédienne she can be. Still, the actress is able to invest the knowing and coquettish little hoyden who wants "a good chap" with abundance of girlish charm and high spirits; and, thanks to her spontaneous gaiety and some clever acting on the part of Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Vane Featherstone, and Mr. Lennox Pawle, this farce, so old-fashioned in form, yet so very ultra-modern in tone, should serve Miss Ethel Irving's purpose.

"EVERYMAN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

The playhouse atmosphere of its new home, the employment of incense and other apparatus of church ritual,

and the adoption of a too declamatory and impassioned style of diction, had robbed the old morality play, "Everyman," as shown last week at the Shaftesbury Theatre, of some of its strange, other-worldly charm, and made it rather too ecclesiastical and theatrical a production. But for those who could neglect such unessential accretions, this crude but beautiful relic of mediæval art still retained its exquisite note of naïveté, its grave and sombre aspect of devotional sincerity. Nor can there be anything but praise still for Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison's splendid elocution and emotional fervour in the title-role, or for the fine performance of Miss Tita Brand as Knowledge.

"HER OWN WAY," AT THE LYRIC.

She was a handsome girl on the road to thirty, and in taking "her own way" she was merely desirous of marrying the man she loved. She had a young married brother, who, in a mania for speculation, had squandered successively his own money, his wife's, his servant's, and his sister's. And this foolish young speculator was encouraged in his insane career by the heroine's other lover—a youthful millionaire, who imagined that, when the Stephen Carley family had been brought to utter ruin, Georgiana Carley would marry him to avert that ruin. It happened that fate, in the person of the honest lover, rendered these designs unprosperous. Lieutenant Richard Coleman, who had gone away to the Philippines, imagining his lady love engaged to his rival, and was for months imagined himself to be killed in an ambush, returns home in time to defeat the millionaire's machinations. In these four acts of sentimental comedy, which are one act too long for the thin story they detail, Miss Maxine Elliott plays Georgiana. She hovers between tragedy and comedy very effectively, and is seen at her best in the sheer hysterical abandonment to joy, compact of laughter and tears, which at the end of the third act marks the heroine's acceptance of her absent lover's proposal.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY K.N.

Although it is unquestionable that the thoughts of those interested in the struggle in the Far East are mainly centred upon the opposed Fleets, this is not a subject upon which it is expedient to indulge in speculation. At the time of writing, it has just been announced that Rozhdstevsky has left Kamranh Bay, but by the time these lines are in the hands of their readers it may be that a decisive battle has been fought.

There has been, however, in the *Times* this week, an account of the battle of Mukden, compiled from Japanese sources, which is not only intensely interesting from a military point of view, but presents aspects which must commend themselves to the attention of all students of the war. The correspondent of the *Times* at Tokio states that it is believed in Japan that Kuropatkin entirely misunderstood the strategy of the Japanese. The Russian General believed that an island race, living among mountains, would prefer to manoeuvre under similar geographical conditions rather than deploy upon the plains. It is stated that the Japanese deliberately ministered to this delusion, and by their movements invited him to draw false inferences. The result was that when the preliminary incidents of the battle of Mukden took place, he weakened his right, that is to say on the western plains, and strengthened his left among the higher ground to the east. Kuropatkin was also deceived as to the numbers as well as the disposition of his enemy. The Japanese, we are told, held a position extending from its extreme eastern flank to the west in the form of a crescent, whose cusps, over ninety miles apart at first, were gradually drawn together, the western cusp being finally and suddenly thrown forward so as to form a closed curve with the eastern. This stupendous conception involved the advance of some 400,000 men over a front of nearly one hundred miles, and required that the movements of every unit of the force should be accurately co-ordinated. The field of battle was divided into five sectors, in each of which a separate army operated. The army in the centre was that commanded by General Nodzu, with, to his right, in the east central sector, General Kuroki, and in the west central sector, on his left, General Oku. But on the flanks of these were two new armies, the one on the extreme east, commanded by General Kawamura, consisting of the Reservists who had become liable for service under the provisions of the military law of last year; and on the extreme west General Nogai commanded the Port Arthur veterans. Opposed to the Japanese were the three Russian armies, numbering over 350,000 men of all arms under Generals Linievitch, Kaulbars, and Bilderling. The arrangements of the Japanese are now shown to have been simple but sufficient. A curious point is that Kuropatkin seems to have believed he was beaten before he actually was.

TRANSVAAL POLITICS.

The Boer organisation called Het Volk has made a compact with the "Responsible Government" party, who are in favour of immediate autonomy. By this arrangement the Boers would get practically all they have demanded, if their friends controlled the administration of the Colony. The contingency, however, is remote, and there is small likelihood that education will be handed over to the Dutch, or that the language will be made an official language equally with English. The whole aim of the Boer leaders is to prevent any fusion of the races, and to recover the political ascendancy they had before the war. This ideal is quite incompatible with the progressive development of the Colony, which would be retarded by the resurrection of Krugerism, even a Krugerism which professes loyalty to the Imperial connection.

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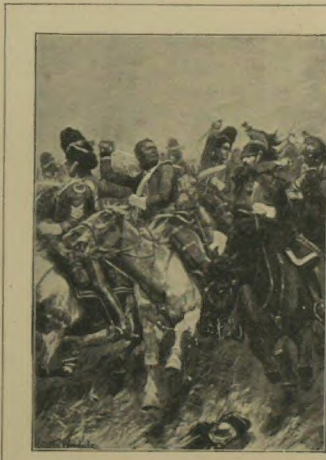
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THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE OFFICE OF MARINE, ALGIERS.



THE KING AND QUEEN DISEMBARKING AT ALGIERS.

The King arrived at Algiers on April 16 in somewhat indifferent weather, but the rain which marked the break-up of a long drought may possibly have been attributed by the populace to his Majesty's benign influence—a circumstance which other Sovereigns may have envied. His Majesty was received by M. Jonnart, the Governor-General. The landing took place at the Admiralty Pier, and his Majesty returned the Governor-General's visit. So pleasant did King Edward find his stay in the French colony that he decided to remain until April 24.

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE REVIEW AT BREST: THE FRENCH VESSELS TO WELCOME THE ENGLISH SQUADRON.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



Forbin. Carnot. Léon Gambetta.

A Destroyer. Tréhouart. Bouvines.

Masséna.

Jauréguiberry.

Henri IV.

Condé. Aube.

Gloire.

THE NAVAL MIGHT OF FRANCE: PICKED VESSELS FOR THE FORTHCOMING ANGLO-FRENCH REVIEW.

Of the vessels here shown, the "Masséna" (flag-ship), "Jauréguiberry," "Carnot," "Henri IV.," "Bouvines," and "Tréhouart" are battle-ships. The "Gloire," "Léon Gambetta," "Aube," and "Condé" are armoured cruisers; and the "Forbin" is a protected cruiser. These all belong to the Northern Squadron.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING'S TOUR.

The success of the King's visit to Algiers has undoubtedly forged another link in the Anglo-French friendship, and came most opportunely at the moment when a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand it is true, but with the same possibilities as that seen by Gehazi, had appeared on the political horizon. Had M. Delcassé gone, there is no saying what might have happened ultimately, but it would take a great deal now to disturb the *Entente Cordiale*, and the courtesies which were at the very moment passing between King Edward and the Governor-General of Algeria were a sufficient indication that trouble arising from our respective obligations to the belligerents was a very long way off indeed. The festivities included a luncheon given by the Governor to their Majesties, and although there were no toasts, the King took occasion to compliment M. Jonnart on the prosperity of Algeria, and, later, his Majesty invested the Governor with the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. On the following evening, M. Jonnart dined on board the royal yacht. One of the most interesting incidents was the visit paid by the King and Queen to the Médersa, the native school, where, in view of the coming Congress of Orientalists, there is an exhibition of Mussulman art. The exhibits include work in leather, wood, embroidery, lace, and jewels. Their Majesties decided to prolong their stay in order to make excursions in the district, and included in their route Biskra, on the edge of the Sahara, the town which is understood to be the original of Beni Mora, in Mr. Hichens' recent novel. On his return from Algeria the King was expected to halt at Sicily and Sardinia. The rest of the journey is by way of Marseilles and Paris, and the King and M. Loubet are to have another interview as his Majesty passes through the French capital.

THE KAISER IN SICILY.

The German Emperor, who has been expressing his delight with Sicily, has not permitted the charms of that island to relax his political activities. He has held important communications with the Italian Court and with the Vatican. His Majesty has addressed Cardinal Merry del Val regarding the question of Roman Catholic cemeteries, the point at issue being the interdict laid by Monsignor Benzler, Archbishop of Metz, upon those Roman Catholic burying-grounds in which Protestants have been laid. He has also discussed the question of the Roman Catholic Poles, who are said to be supported by the Pope



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE CAPTAIN O'SHEA,
THE MAN WHO WRECKED A PARTY.

in their struggle against the Prussian Government. The Kaiser, it is believed, would not be averse to succeeding to the inheritance of France with regard to Roman Catholics now that the Republic has so completely divorced itself from the Church. His Imperial Majesty desires an Apostolic Delegation in Berlin, but Cardinal Merry del Val is determined to have a Nunciature or nothing.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Francis Godolphin Pelham, fifth Earl of Chichester—one of the comparatively few titled clergy—was born in October, 1844, was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, was ordained deacon in 1866, and priest in the following year. After terms as curate of St. George, Doncaster, and of St. Pancras, he became Rector of Upton-Pyke, Devonshire; then, in turn, Rector of Halesowen, Lambeth, and Buckhurst Hill, and Vicar of Great Yarmouth. He married the Hon. Alice Carr Glyn, daughter of the first Baron Wolverton, in 1870, and succeeded to the earldom in 1902.



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE EARL STANHOPE,
FIRST CHURCH ESTATES COMMISSIONER
AND LORD LIEUTENANT OF KENT.



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE REV. THE EARL
OF CHICHESTER,
VICAR OF GREAT YARMOUTH.



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE MR. JOSEPH
JEFFERSON,
"RIP VAN WINKLE."

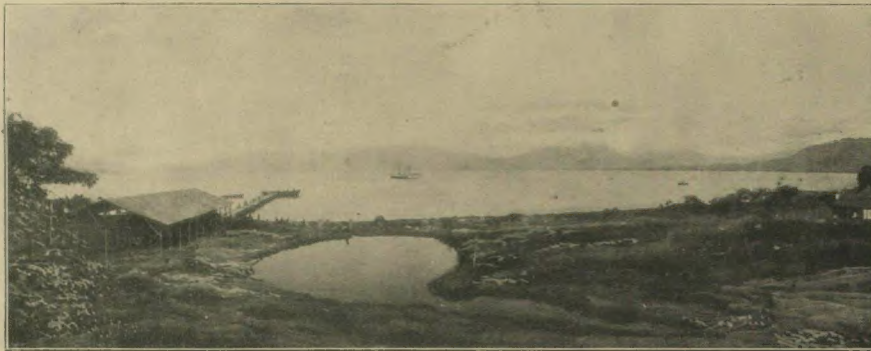
Treasury. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Kent and a County Alderman, and First Church Estates Commissioner. He married Evelyn Henrietta, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Pennefather, in 1860, and is succeeded by his son, James Richard, Viscount Mahon, Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards.

Alderman Sir Reginald Hanson, who died in Italy on April 19, was Lord Mayor of London in Queen

London Chamber of Commerce, and M.P. for the City, to say nothing of various minor activities.

It is, of course, true that the late Joseph Jefferson's fame rested chiefly upon his Rip in "Rip Van Winkle," but it is equally true that he had considerable success in other rôles, and there is little doubt that, had his adaptation of Washington Irving's story not had the extraordinary run it did, he would still have made his mark. Born in the buskin in 1829, Mr. Jefferson made his first appearance when he was four, imitating the negro minstrel, Thomas D. Rice, who brought him on to the stage in a carpet-bag. Thirteen years or so later, he was acting with Macready and Junius Brutus Booth, father of Edwin Booth and of John Wilkes Booth, who shot Lincoln, and laying the foundation of his reputation as a thoroughly sound stock-actor. He dramatised Washington Irving's story in 1859, and after 1865 he seldom appeared in any other part.

Although a politician of no particular talent, Captain William Henry O'Shea, who died on April 22, was forced by circumstances to play a most memorable part in British political history during the late eighties. He sat originally for County Clare as a Home Ruler, but fell under the suspicion of the Nationalists, not without reason. Nevertheless, on Parnell's order he was returned for Galway at the election of 1885, but did not vote for Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. The circumstances which led to his being instrumental in wrecking Parnell's career are too familiar to recapitulate. Since that time Captain O'Shea had lived in complete retirement. He was a native of Dublin, was educated at Trinity College, and served for a time in the 18th Hussars.



Express-Photo-Reportage.
ALL BUT A BONE OF CONTENTION: THE FRENCH PORT, KAMRANH BAY, WHERE ROZHDESTVENSKY'S
FLEET SHELTERED.

The long stay of Admiral Rozhdestvensky's fleet in French waters led to a protest by the Japanese Government, and an order from the Tsar to his Admiral to proceed on his voyage.

Victoria's Jubilee year, which brought him his Baronetcy, and was the first Rugbeian who had occupied the Chief Magistrate's chair since 1781. Sir Reginald's family migrated to London from Yorkshire, and he himself was born in Botolph Lane in the house in which his father and his father's father were born. A visit to Australia was followed by his joining the firm of Samuel Hanson, Son, and Barter, and taking keen interest in all pertaining to the Ward of Billingsgate, which elected him Alderman in 1880. He was largely concerned, also, with the Volunteer movement, and was at various times Sheriff, member of the L.C.C., Past Master of the Shipwrights' and Merchant Tailors' Companies, Chairman of the

tion. The attacks of the Delcassé were organised by That is well understood in Paris, where it did not prevent some politicians from demanding the Minister's retirement. M. Delcassé, however, has not retired, and it is generally believed that he has withdrawn his resignation on conditions which will give him a stronger hand than he had before. France will not yield to German policy in Morocco. It is suggested now that Germany will demand a Conference on Moroccan affairs, ostensibly in the interests of the Powers affected by the Anglo-French Convention. But no Power save Germany herself has made any fuss, and no Conference is needed.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR REGINALD
HANSON,
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN THE
JUBILEE YEAR OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



Photo, Illustration Bureau.
THE HUDDERSFIELD RAILWAY SMASH: A TELESCOPED COACH.

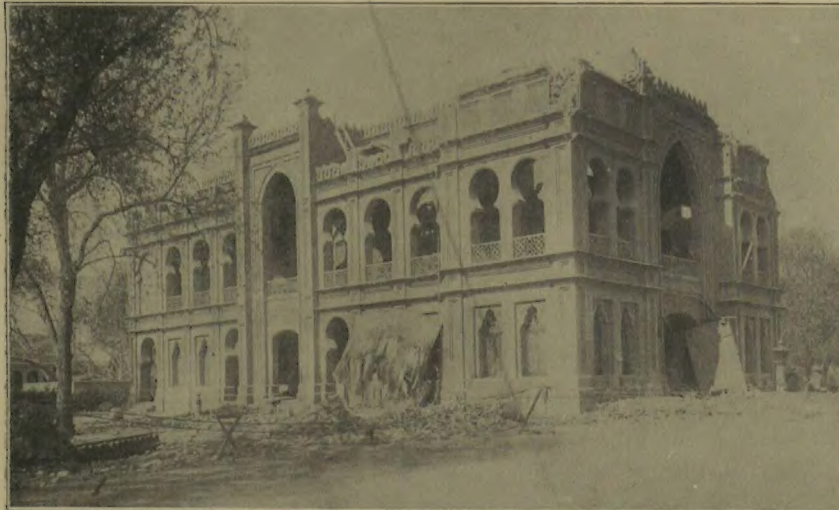
On April 21, while a London and North-Western engine, with two coaches, was being shunted out of Huddersfield Railway Station, it came into collision with the 1.50 train from Bradford. The first three coaches of the Bradford train were telescoped. Two passengers were killed, and eight injured.

THE POLISH ASSASSINATION SCARE.

An alarmist leading article has appeared in the *Russ*, calling on the Government and the police to save the Russian officials in Poland from a general massacre, which is said to be timed for the Greek Easter. The article is founded on a letter from a panic-stricken Russian who professes even to be able to outline the programme of the outbreak. All the higher Russian officials are to be murdered, and the bridge over the Vistula is to be blown up to hinder the troops from arriving. This is to be followed by a general destruction of the property of well-to-do citizens. The dreamer of this nightmare has evidently forgotten that there are 40,000 troops in Warsaw, and, incidentally, that they are quartered on both sides of the river.

LUCKLESS LAHORE: HAVOC OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE ON APRIL 4.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. L. MCNAIN, LAHORE.



1. WRECK OF THE VICTORIA JUBILEE TOWN HALL.

2. A FALLEN ROOF: THE WRECK OF THE DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT OF TRAFFIC'S OFFICE AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

3. FORTUNATELY EMPTY AT THE MOMENT OF THE EARTHQUAKE: DÉBRIS OF THE THIRD CLASS WAITING-SHED, LAHORE RAILWAY STATION.

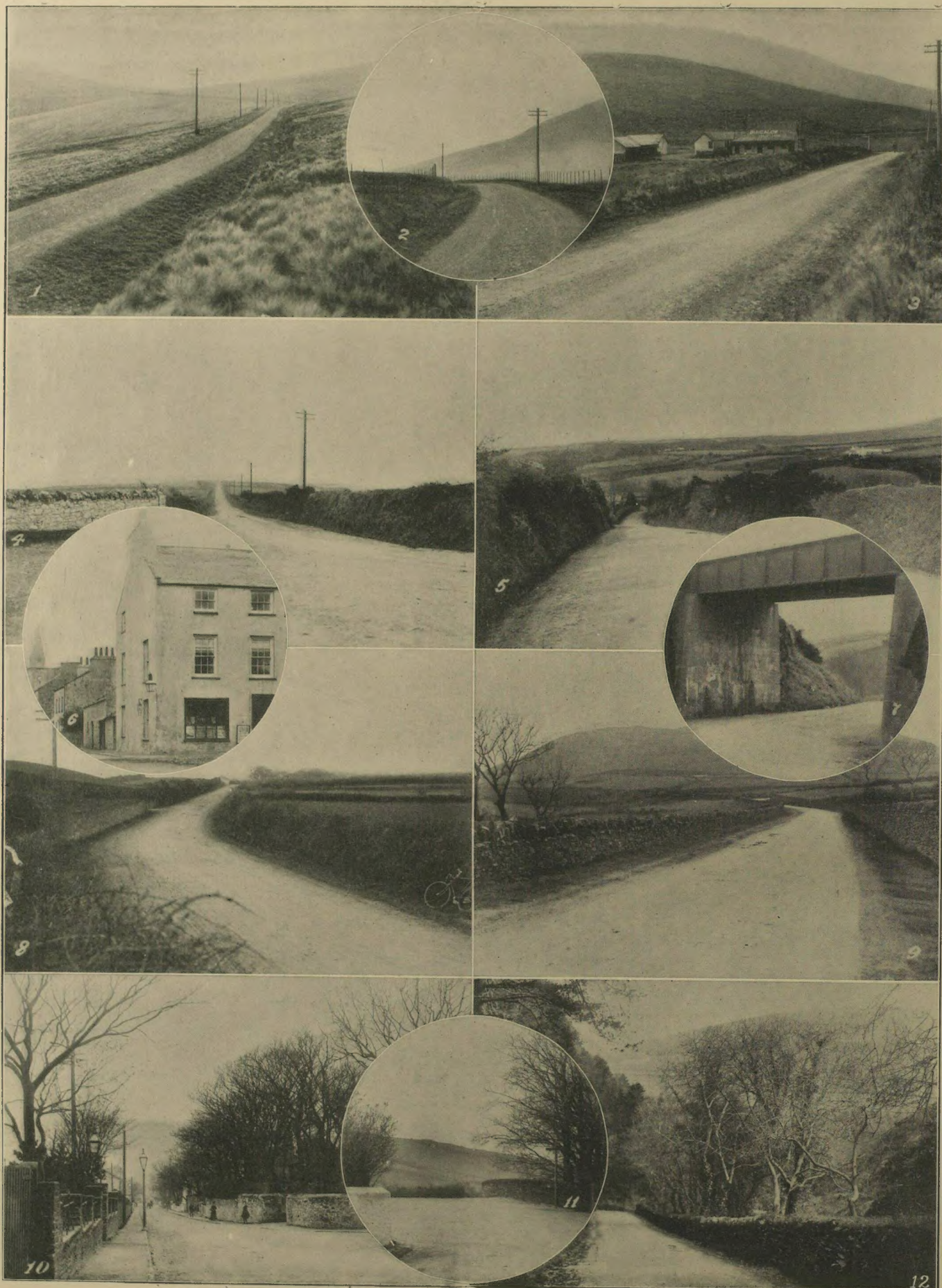
4. THE DESKS OF THIRTY CLERKS IN THE RAILWAY TRAFFIC-ROOM, VACANT DURING THE SHOCK.

5. DAMAGE TO A SOCIETY CENTRE: THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE MONTGOMERY HALL, BLOCKED BY THE FALL OF THE ROOF.

6. WRECK OF A ROOM AT A RAILWAY STATION. 7. DÉBRIS OF ANOTHER ROOM AT THE STATION.

The Montgomery Hall, the great centre for society functions in Lahore, suffered severely from the shock, a great part of the roof falling in. The railway station was almost entirely destroyed. Among our photographs is the scene of one remarkable escape — one end of the traffic superintendent's office, where, later in the day, thirty Babu clerks would have been at work. The Jubilee Hall is so shattered that absolute reconstruction will be necessary.

THE ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE: THE ISLE OF MAN COURSE.



1. THE ROAD WINDING ROUND SNAREFELL, LOOKING FORWARD.
2. THE MOUNTAIN ROAD APPROACHING SNAREFELL.
3. THE DOUBLE TURN AT THE BUNGALOW, SNAREFELL BEYOND.
4. THE LONG DESCENT FROM KEPPEL GATE.
5. THE STEEP DESCENT NEAR KIRK MICHAEL, LOOKING FORWARD.

6. THE DIFFICULT CORNER IN BALLASALLA (THE CARS COME DOWN ROAD ON RIGHT).
7. A BUGBEAR: THE TURN AT FOXDALE RAILWAY BRIDGE.
8. THE ROAD TO RAMSEY.
9. A WINDING STRETCH UPWARDS.

10. A QUICK TURN AT RAMSEY FROM THE ROAD ON THE RIGHT.
11. THE BAD CORNER AT BALLAUGH (CARS COMING OVER BRIDGE TURN TO THEIR LEFT).
12. THE STEEP ASCENT—CREG MILLOYS HILL: LOOKING BACK.

The Races Committee at the Automobile Club have altered the date of the eliminating trials from May 23 to May 30, and the inspection of cars will be held on May 29 instead of May 22.

THE LITTLE WHITE LIARS.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.

Illustrated by F. H. TOWNSEND.

"DID you ever belong to a secret society?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm a Mason," I said. "A Master-Mason, third degree, Free and Accepted—why?"

"Mine was the Little White Liars Association," she said reflectively. "It's wound up now, and I married the president. We formed it for the encouragement of literature, though Howard added science, art, and the drama so as to give it a better ring. We shortened the name down to the L. W. L., and had a grip!"

"The trouble about a secret society is that you don't know what to do next," I said. "Except dying, of course, and being buried for nothing with mystic ceremonies—but you naturally put that off as long as you can."

"Oh, there was a lot of 'next' about ours," continued pretty Mrs. Tryon. "You see, it wasn't abstract literature: Ibsen, or the Influence of George Eliot on the Victorian Era—and the Norse Saga as a prose form didn't cut any ice with the L. W. L. We just concentrated on Julian Standerton, and let it go at that!"

"Julian Standerton!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean the man that writes those tiresome books and those egregious plays, and bores more people to the square mile than all the rest of them put together?"

"Isn't it wonderful," she said. "He's quite the biggest success of the day, and travels in private cars, and yet we were the mice that unloosed the lion!"

"You couldn't have realised what you were doing," I said.

"To tell the truth, we had no suspicion he was a lion at all. Dr. Clarke himself told him he had just six months to live, and every fresh specialist we called in cut off a week. There he was, poor fellow, without a penny and dying, and all he had in the world was a large, shabby package of rejected manuscripts."

"Pity you hadn't burned it."

"I suppose we ought to have done that," she admitted. "But it looked as innocent as washing, and how were we to know it contained literary giant-powder? We only learned that later when it shook two hemispheres! Our business was simply to comfort Standerton's declining hours."

"But, as it turned out, he didn't decline, did he?"

"Well, if you had seen him then you would have agreed with the doctors. He was the most miserable, gaunt, sick thing you ever saw. He had been sleeping in the Park and eating at soup-kitchens, and when Mr. Pelliott happened to run into him on the street he was a spectre. Howard always said it was so splendid of Standerton that he wouldn't squeal, and if he had been in his shoes you'd have heard him for blocks! Mr. Pelliott had known him for years, and would have sent him a hundred dollar bill any time by return mail—but Standerton was too proud to ask, and just let himself drop out of sight. That was the fine thing about the man—his iron pride. It was forty-Castilian power, and he held the record on the track. You could have equipped a whole aristocracy out of his little finger. Yes, prouder than proud, and he would analyse your remarks for insults, like a person looking for diamonds in a diamond-mine. That's where the Little White Liars came in; for of course he was morbidly afraid of charity, and would have flung the things in your face if he had had a quarter of one per cent. of suspicion."

"Mr. Pelliott planted him in two cheap rooms, had the family doctor in to see him, and paid him fifty dollars in advance for a railroad-folder on Oklahoma. Mr. Pelliott is the president of the P. L. and Q., you know, and he didn't know of any other kind of literary outlet except railroad poetry, and they did that by contract. He even had trouble about the folder, for

Standerton thought fifty dollars too much for it, and made trouble besides about never having seen Oklahoma, and Mr. Pelliott abusing his official position to overpay his friends! Mr. Pelliott was the worst Little White Liar in the bunch, and that night, at a dinner-party at his house, he took us all into his confidence and yelped for help. He really needed it, for he saw he never could manage Standerton single-handed, and was doomed otherwise to watch him die of starvation unassisted."

"I had never seriously considered Howard Tryon up to that night, though he had been paying me attention all winter, and we were sort of friends in a way. He was too much a man about town, and everybody said he was fast, and he was irritatingly friendly with the wrong people. I suppose a man's always an idiot when he's really and truly in love, but I thought it was just normal, you know, and stamped all over him. I judged he was the same to every girl, and hated him; and, though I didn't cut him, I was always cold and distant. If I had done it out of calculation I couldn't have succeeded better in leading him on, for he camped on my doorstep and got invited everywhere to meet me. This was how he happened

generally. It was supposed to be a tea, and there were a whole lot of us there, the whole L. W. L. in a body—Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Pelliott, Hattie Cruden, Julia Tyndall, Mrs. West, Jimmy Upton, and myself. Standerton was very tottery and weak, but he chirped up under the sunshine of our presence, and obviously enjoyed being the centre of attraction. He was a very bony, big man, with poet hair and sunken cheeks, and if you asked him a question he responded with an essay. It was like hearing leading articles to listen to him, and wild horses couldn't have dragged me there again had he not been so sick and poor. Just when you were about to say, 'I'll scream in another minute,' you'd look about the shabby room, and perhaps notice his thin, nervous, transparent hands, and be overcome once more by his poverty and helplessness."

"It was a real thoroughbred performance all round, for none of us were patronising, and we allowed Standerton to bore us into little pieces without a murmur. Howard was the best of all, and rose to the occasion better than anybody, arguing about Maeterlinck and Gorky, and contradicting Standerton so as to please him afterwards by backing down. He would say, 'I never thought of that before,' or, 'You've put the matter in a new light to me, Mr. Standerton.' As he had never had any old light, he kept me in a continual titter, both of amusement and apprehension. Perhaps it is horrid to laugh about it, but we were genuinely sorry for Standerton; and, after all, we hadn't gone there for fun, or to make a fool of him, but with a sincere desire to jump in and help. I think we were entitled to any entertainment that was coming to us, and Heaven knows there didn't seem much!"

"After the first ice was broken we all went away, and the next night held a meeting to talk things over and arrange a plan of operations. We had loads of money, for Howard and Mr. Pelliott and Jimmy Upton had given the Association *carte-blanc*, but the trouble was how to pass it up to Standerton without affronting his pride. You can't imagine how difficult it was to arrange anything, especially as Mr. Pelliott got offended in the beginning, and started a pride of his own because we wouldn't adopt his silly uncle-from-Australia plan. After that he stood square across the path, and said 'No' to everything. Everybody said 'No' to everybody else, till there wasn't a Little White Liar who wasn't pink with indignation! We broke up at midnight, with nothing done except to appoint Howard, at his own request, a special committee of one to rustle for fresh ideas and carry them out himself. That's always the way with associations: you talk and argue and contradict till you're tired out; and then somebody bobs up and takes entire charge. The world is really run by autocrats, but the public doesn't mind so long as it is allowed to chatter. Howard simply waltzed round the next day to Standerton's, took the first novel off the stack, and sold it to Robert Clarendon's Sons for five hundred dollars down and royalties. No talk, no bother, and the thing done."

"But I don't see what prevented Standerton doing that himself?"

"Because it wasn't really sold, don't you see! Howard simply put it away in his desk, asked a few questions of a publisher friend (so as to get the details right), and brought Standerton a cheque

for the money. Robert Clarendon's Sons wouldn't have been found dead with the novel, nor would anybody else in the book business, and the front pages were all worn away from having been sent and sent and sent. We all clapped Howard on the back and elected him president, and I was quite nice to him for two days, and accepted a bull-pup."

"You can imagine what it meant to Standerton to get all that money and to feel that at last he had



There's nothing like a secret to bring two people together.

to be at the Pelliott dinner when the Julian Standerton matter came up. The tears came into his big round eyes when Mr. Pelliott described finding Standerton, and he laid down his knife and fork and looked so honest and ugly and touched that I liked him for the first time."

"This was the inception of the Little White Liars, and the next day we all rendezvoused at Julian Standerton's to make his acquaintance and take hold

made a start. He said it took out the sting of his premature death, and called it his swan song. Howard almost cried when he described the scene to me, it was so pitiful—and its being a lie made it perfectly agonising, you know. Standerton got so excited that he had a relapse and nearly died, but when he got restored a bit he grew fidgety about the contract. Howard had forgotten about any contract, and he had to ask his lawyers to make one. But it took about forty to satisfy Standerton, who invariably found some clause to object to, till we owed the attorneys a hundred and eighty dollars. We all thought he'd die now comfortably, and that would be the end of it. But it seemed he couldn't pass away in peace without seeing a proof of 'Castle Dangerous' (that was the name of the silly thing), and would Howard please press the matter with the publishers! Howard didn't exactly know what a proof was, but of course he said he would arrange it at once, and came to me to tell him what to do. So we had 'Castle Dangerous' printed on a rush order and carried the slips to Standerton as they came damp from the press. We had to hurry because he had two trained nurses now, and there was absolutely no hope, and the doctors only shook their heads when we asked questions. That's an awful bad stage to get to in an illness, and you may as well order your little coffin right away. But Standerton held on in spite of the best medical advice, and broke out in a new direction, fretting about the book and how he was doomed never to know its fate. Said it might link his name to the immortals and blazon it on the scroll of fame, and yet the news would never reach him in the great beyond. That was his favourite expression now—the Great Beyond—and he referred to it as he might a villa in the suburbs, with a proprietary air and a look as though he paid taxes on it. Of course, it was horribly pathetic, and we held a meeting of the Little White Liars and decided to publish 'Castle Dangerous' forthwith!

"We printed fourteen copies of it and paid a man seventy-five dollars for three beautiful covers. Not that it needed more than one, but Standerton rejected the first two with indignation, and had to be persuaded into accepting the third. It looked quite like a real book, and it was only when you tried to read it that you discovered the difference. There was a copy for every Little White Liar and six for the author, and then the type was thrown down or thrown away—or whatever they call it. This was an awful stupid thing on Howard's part, for of course Standerton wanted to send dozens to his friends, and we had to print the book a second time. But Howard paid that out of his own pocket, saying he couldn't charge his stupidity against the L. W. L. Printing doesn't seem to be expensive when you let them take their time; but in this case, you see, we hadn't any time, and the bonus for doing it in three days was something terrific. I don't know what it cost Howard, but he looked poor for a week and always changed the subject.

"Then we again waited for Standerton to die—not that we wanted him to, I mean; but now there was no hope of saving him, and it had boiled down to a question of days. He was so weak he could hardly talk, though when he did it was all about the reviewers and how they might be expected to deal with 'Castle Dangerous.' We had never thought about reviewers, and consternation descended on every Little White Liar! Standerton made Howard subscribe to a press-clipping agency and proceeded to have relapses because no notice was taken of his book! We called an extraordinary meeting of the L. W. L., for it was plain something had to be done at once, and that we couldn't stop where we were! Mr. Pelliott wanted to hire a real reviewer by the day, but we didn't dare risk the secret with an outsider, and besides, it might have come to the ears of Robert Clarendon's Sons and caused a rumpus. There seemed nothing for it but to write the things ourselves, though Julia Tyndall tried to back out by saying she didn't know how to spell, and Mrs. West's feelings were hurt because we wouldn't accept a reduced gentleman for whom she was trying to find light employment. We made up a list of dailies and weeklies, and putting them in a hat, drew lots one after the other, till there were only four left. We had seventy-six altogether, which was nine apiece, with four in the kitty—and we played bridge for these and unloaded them on the losers.

"We had two awful days to do them in, though I think I made out better than anybody. I simply took real reviews of real books and altered them a little to suit. The only original part was the extra praise I stuck in and the fault-finding I took out. It was as

easy as falling off a log when once you got the knack of it, and the only bother was having to read some of the book. Jimmy Upton's were too silly for words, and Julia Tyndall's would have made a cat laugh, and when we held a meeting of the L. W. L. to read them aloud, Mr. Pelliott had to have water thrown in his face! Howard attended to the printing, which was quite a difficult matter and requiring lots of care, as the paper and type had to correspond with the real ones, and there was the back part to consider also. He was also given charge of the distribution, which had to be spread over several weeks; and arranged good, better, best (we didn't have any other kind) on a regular system. We were afraid Julian Standerton might detect the imposition, but he just swallowed them down like cream, and the postman's knock became the most important moment of his day. I am telling you all this first-hand, for you must remember that the Little White Liars were always running in and out to see him, and though Howard was the most active member of the association, the rest of us weren't backward, and never stopped carrying flowers or reading to him aloud. The doctors said he needed distraction and sympathy, and even when he was too far gone

same person; and it happened when we were two-thirds through, after giving Thackeray a biff in the eye, and counting out Dickens and George Eliot in favour of Standerton. What happened? Oh, getting engaged, you know; and Howard went off in splendid spirits, and so grateful to him that he announced a second printing of ten thousand copies and recklessly put 'Castle Dangerous' at the top of the best-selling six books!

"Well, we passed up the *Book Boomer*, sent Standerton a big cheque from the phantom publisher, and announced the engagement! Standerton spent the most of it in a gorgeous wedding present, saying he was on the high wave now and had money to burn, poor fellow; and we had a Little White Liar dinner at Delmonico's, with speeches and a gold badge beside every plate with L. W. L. on it in diamonds. It was lots gayer than the more formal parties afterwards, and Mr. Pelliott said it was only another instance of how your bread on the waters came back to you, if only you threw it in with a loud enough splash! Oh, a jolly dinner, except for one conscience-stricken moment when Mr. Pelliott was handed a message, and we all thought perhaps Standerton was dead. But it only said he was worse, and sent his warmest felicitations. If it doesn't sound heartless to say it, we were used to his getting worse; and though we were sorry and all that, it was only to be expected—and his dying was part of the programme.

"On this occasion he came nearer it than ever, and for a couple of weeks his life hung by a thread. I guess it must have been a rope, however, for he rallied and took another lap. When we were let in to see him he had discovered another reason why it couldn't be this time. He was always beautifully ready to lie down and die except for one thing, and now the one thing was the stage. He said that literary success was only ashes in the mouth after all; it might seem nice, but when you analysed it you found it was hollow—at least, for a man like himself, whose real medium was the theatre. He said he would rather be a second-class dramatist—as far as success or money went—than reap all the prizes of fiction. He was awfully contemptuous about the prizes of fiction, anyway, which he waved from him with a thin hand, as though they were flies. Pleasant for Howard, wasn't it, who had been setting up the despised prizes mostly out of his own pocket! We tried to divert him by selling another ten thousand edition of his book, but this only added fuel to the flames—I mean about writing plays, or, rather, I mean they were already written—four of them—and formed part of that awful package. Howard was scared of breaking out in a new place and back-pedalled all he could; but it wasn't a particle of use, and Standerton turned him out into the cold street with 'The Last of the Romanoffs' under his arm! He walked about with it for hours, trying to see managers, and only getting snubbed in their outer offices! It makes me laugh to think of it, for Howard is such a swell and had always gone through life with people bowing in front of him, and it was like slapping a baby that didn't know why! He said he felt like another Cain, and 'The Last of the Romanoffs' was the brand upon his brow. He was shoo-ed out of every place he went to, and people fell over one another to get out of his way—I mean managers and important people. If he had been raving mad and carrying a pistol instead of 'The Last of the Romanoffs,' they couldn't have scattered quicker on Broadway! He got more and more dejected, and finally, when it came on to rain, he made Charles Fielman accept it enthusiastically! I suppose we were all going a little crazy by this time—looking back on it, I cannot think of any other reason—and it was a kind of game of dare all round. Of course, Charles Fielman's acceptance and enthusiasm were both fictitious, and Howard piled up fresh horrors on his devoted head.

"But it put Julian Standerton in a seventh heaven of delight, and the rest of us each went down three pegs. Howard went down forty, as a whole streak of fresh complications dawned on him, and he began to wear a hunted look. He had just meant to accept 'The Last of the Romanoffs' and let it go at that. But this was just what Standerton wouldn't do, and he started in to die every time Howard put him off. We had wound ourselves in such bow knots that to stop now would be to kill him! Howard was driven to fix a date for rehearsal, and another for production, and I guess if it hadn't been for our engagement he would have settled on another for his own suicide. We were all getting into a horribly tight place, and even Mr. Pelliott was frightened; and as for Jimmy Upton, he



The Little White Liars had boiled down to Howard and me and a blank cheque.

to join in the conversation himself it did him good just to listen to us. It was hard to chatter and be gay with that corpsy figure on the lounge, with apparently nothing alive about him but his eyes, and it was a sight to nerve one up to a whole new bushel of fibs. He was nice, too, in many ways, and touching, and never whined (I hate a whiny, sick person, don't you?); and if he nearly drove us crazy with his old book, we only had to thank ourselves for the situation we had ourselves invented.

"Then he began to work up a heart-breaking fuss about having no review in the *Book Boomer*. He said the great success of his book justified a special article with a full-page portrait and biography, and it was hard to be made the victim of envy and literary spite. He said he couldn't consider himself 'arrived' without being in the *Book Boomer*, and he used to have a terrible relapse every Thursday on its day of publication. We saw we had to get him in or die in the attempt; and it nearly was die, for it wasn't like an ordinary snipetty notice, but had to be solid and thoughtful, and Howard and I spent the best part of three days doing it. There's nothing like a secret to bring two people together, especially a laugh-and-cry secret like this one; and Howard had been showing me a side of his character I had never suspected before; and tenderness and humour and generosity and soft-heartedness are awfully winning qualities when you crowd them all into the

turned pale and went to Europe. Howard said he felt like a criminal on the eve of detection, and couldn't sleep at night for worrying; and, of course, I worried about Howard's worrying; and Mrs. West worried and Julia Tyndall worried and Mrs. Pelliot worried, and to crown it all, Standerton insisted on getting better! Wasn't it awful of him? Better and better till we didn't know where to look; for a new specialist had turned up with a ray—I can't remember the name exactly, though it sounded something like the Yiddish Ray, and you needed a trunk full of things to work it. It was just what Standerton had been dying for (or without, I suppose I ought to say), and he began to recover in jumps. Imagine our sensations when he commenced to eat beefsteak for breakfast and talk of taking the rehearsals in hand himself. Of course, I don't mean to say we *wanted* him to die, but in honour he was in a sort of way committed to that, just

"Fortunately Howard was very well off, but he wasn't a Monte Cristo, and the money end of it bothered him a lot. He had to make good on the book, and make good quick, and he had a staggering interview with the people that advertise breakfast food! He said if anybody could do it, they could. It was splendid of him to be willing to spend thousands to retrieve his honour, and with all the perplexity and misery of the thing he never once proposed to let go. Standerton's book had to be made a thundering success, and as for the play, it had at least to be played, even if it took the last dollar in the locker. It couldn't do that, of course, but it cut us down for three years afterwards, and we couldn't afford to live in Cedarmere Manor or look a horse in the face! The breakfast food people agreed to do both by contract, putting up a guarantee and charging Howard a perfectly ferocious price—I won't

Anyway, it put Julian Standerton at the top of the bran business, and he has stayed there triumphantly ever since. It was simply a case of bringing the producer and the consumer together through the medium of advertisement. Once they were hitched it only needed a typewriter to do the rest. Standerton has been doing the rest ever since. The aggravating thing is that he gives all his gratitude to Mr. Pelliot, and looks upon Howard and me as simply good-natured idiots, who think it stylish to own a celebrity! The world is a queer place, isn't it, and doesn't stand much looking below the surface. Whenever you do one thing it starts up something else, and reaches out and hits somebody in China or Boston. It was the making of the Yiddish Ray man, for instance; and it must have cut heavily into the profits of the other bran purveyors; and it directed Mr. Pelliot's attention to Mexico, with millions of American capital behind him; and it sent Jimmy Upton to



He said that literary success was only ashes in the mouth.

as we were to 'Castle Dangerous' and 'The Last of the Romanoffs.' Mr. Pelliot said he was violating an implied contract and roared over it, though he had spells of depression too, and sometimes looked as though he wished the Yiddish Ray man in Jericho. But he—the man—came to see Standerton four times a day instead, and adjusted clockwork and lenses all over him with enormous success.

"The Little White Liars acted abominably, and bolted in every direction. Mr. Pelliot went to Mexico, leaving a blank cheque and a disgraceful letter in which he said he was only a poor old man, and that positively no communications would be answered, and might Heaven have pity on his miserable head! Mrs. Pelliot slipped away with him, giving us no warning whatever of her intention; and as for Hattie Cruden and Julia Tyndall and Mrs. West, they simply melted away into thin air! The Little White Liars had boiled down to Howard and me and a blank cheque. And all this with Standerton growing fiendishly well and within measurable distance of being let out loose on the street.

say how much, but it made Mr. Pelliot's five thousand look like thirty cents! And even then our feet weren't altogether clear, for Mr. Flyte, the senior breakfast-fooder, said we had to get Standerton out of the way for two whole months. This was why we had to combine him with our honeymoon. Mr. Titherbridge lending us his steam-yacht for a West Indian cruise—and we had to hurry up our marriage so fast that there was almost a scandal. To make matters worse, Standerton fought tooth and nail not to go, and tried surreptitiously to desert the ship twice, but we held on to him like grim death and burned all the letters that came for him as an extra precaution! Oh, yes, we steeped ourselves in crime and stuck at nothing!

"The breakfast-food people did wonders with the money, and lived up to every word of their contract and more. You can make the poor public eat bran or tinned gravel if you go the right way about it; and of course, they were experts about the right way. I dare say literary bran does the public less harm, and even ministers went to see 'The Last of the Romanoffs.'

Italy, where he had Roman fever and married his nurse; and of course Howard and I wouldn't have hit it off ourselves otherwise—and all this, if you please, from a simple and unassuming association of Little White Liars!

"Howard's awfully sweet about it, though we've been married four years now. Says I was worth every penny of the money, and all the trouble and anxiety besides, and counts it the best investment he ever made in his life. Still, I doubt if he would do it again, even for five me's, though if we ever have another dying genius on our hands I guess we'll let him die dead before we do anything for him. If Howard had done that with Julian Standerton he would have got me a good deal cheaper, and saved himself some awful moments. But he said it was something to have it all come right in the end, and he made me name our second little boy for Standerton! Yes, *would* have it, and giggled afterwards at the font, and nearly spoiled the ceremony! Underneath it all, you see, he feels it was due to Standerton that I ever married him, and I guess he doesn't want to forget it!"

THE END.

A BLIZZARD'S FANTASTIC WORK: A SHIP ENCUMBERED BY ICICLES, AND STRANDED DURING A TEMPEST IN THE BLACK SEA



1. THE VESSEL WITH ITS ICE-LOAD VIEWED FROM THE STERN.

2. DECK VIEW OF THE ICE-ENCUMBERED SHIP.

3. THE MASS OF ICICLES VIEWED FROM THE BOW. (NOTE THE CURIOUS CAMEL-LIKE APPEARANCE AT THE STEM.)

A wheat-boat on the Black Sea was recently overtaken by a blizzard, and became so heavily coated with icicles that it was impossible to manage her, and she went aground. After the storm subsided, the ship presented the curious spectacle above illustrated

IMITATING NEPTUNE: INLAND BATHING IN ARTIFICIAL WAVES.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



ARTIFICIAL SURF IN A BATH AT MUNICH.

By this ingenious contrivance waves are made to roll along the bath from end to end, so that the bathers, though far from the ocean, may enjoy all the excitement of surf-swimming.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR SURVEY OF SCIENCE.

A disease called "cerebro-spinal fever," and otherwise known as "cerebro-spinal meningitis," has been attracting of late days a large share of public attention, in America especially. As I write, I read of at least one case having occurred in Britain, and the journals also describe the epidemic as being represented in Germany and in other areas of the Continent. This ailment has something in it which may be said to border on the mysterious. The mystery does not lie so much within the sphere of the nature of the disease, as in the conditions which contribute to or favour its attack and onset. "Meningitis," it may be remarked, is the general term applied to indicate inflammation of the coverings of the brain and spinal cord. The prefix "cerebro-spinal" merely serves to denote that the ailment affects the coverings both of the brain and cord itself. Of old, there is no doubt, the disease was confused with other troubles, and perhaps most notably with typhus fever, but the distinctive features of the meningitis—to which the popular name of "spotted fever" was early given—were gradually traced out and described.

It is not an uncommon thing, of course, for the physician to have to treat individual cases of meningitis, arising each from some definite cause; but the peculiarity of the special ailment under discussion is, of course, its epidemic form, and its spread in certain areas. This spread is not regarded as being due to infection of direct character; that is, from affected persons to those who are well. The disease would rather appear to extend on the principle that some common condition or conditions affect numbers of persons, and thus give rise to a plurality of cases. True, a special germ (a "diplococcus") has been identified as the cause of the ailment; but whence the germ is derived, how it is conveyed to the body, and under what circumstances it appears now and then to waken up into excessive vitality, are all undiscovered points in its history. The fever is a particularly dangerous disease, for I note that in some epidemics the death-rate has been stated to have exceeded 70 per cent.; while the course of the disease is often very rapid indeed. It attacks males more frequently than women, and the period between twenty and forty years appears to be that in which the ailment is most frequent, though children have been badly attacked in some epidemics.

The first recorded epidemic in the New World seems to have been that reported in 1806 as occurring in Massachusetts; and in 1804 and 1805 a Geneva physician did yeoman service in closely studying an attack which occurred in the city. England and Scotland have remained remarkably free from invasion; but Ireland suffered badly in 1847 and 1848. Germany has also had trials of this nature, and in Silesia lately an epidemic raged, with 450 cases and a mortality of 37 per cent. Medical treatment has here to combat a very insidious ailment, the difficulties of dealing with a disease affecting bodily organs not at all so accessible as are our lungs and stomachs, being apparent. But science, none the less, has made progress here in the curative aspects of medicine, that which still represents a dark place in the inquiry, as we have seen, being the causation of the trouble. Bad food, dirt, and dampness have all been credited with representing conditions favouring attack, but at present there is no precise evidence at hand concerning the particular relation of such circumstances to the diffusion and propagation of the germ. One might be tempted to suppose that a mysterious ailment of this kind may be, perchance, a lingering remnant of some ancient trouble, the germs whereof, by reason of modern sanitary advance, have been browbeaten and compelled to retire from the forefront of diseases, but remain in the dark waiting for the rare chance of development.

If any of my readers care to indulge in a little popular study of much practical interest, I should recommend them to read the volume entitled "Meals Medicinal," by Dr. Fernie, who has also written some most interesting works on "Herbal Simples" and the like, information concerning the medical virtues of herbs being combined with a vast amount of interesting matter respecting the folk-lore of plants. In "Meals Medicinal," the author tries to set forth the great principle that most of our troubles could be avoided by judicious dietary, especially if we fed upon plant fare (not wholly neglecting the animal world, of course), which is calculated to combine in itself the functions of nourishment with those represented in the cure of disease. This, indeed, is the principle of dietetics carried out to include both the preservation of health and disease cure. It is curious to note, how many popular plant-names are associated with ailments from the fact that of old the "mickle grace" that Friar Laurence tells us lies hid in plants was recognised by our forefathers. Green vegetables used as a cure for scurvy illustrates a very familiar fact of far-back medicine which was discovered experimentally, modern science showing that fresh vegetables, and, indeed, fresh meat, would cure the ailment by reason of their supplying potash salts to the blood. I have wiled away more than one hour pleasantly in the company of Dr. Fernie's pages.

Those of us who know what the Challenger Expedition did to enlarge our knowledge of the deep seas, both in respect of their physical and biological characters, will feel interested to learn that H.M.S. *Sealark* has been specially commissioned for the survey of the Indian Ocean in its western and central areas. One of the chief points of interest in connection with the expedition will be found in the detailed examination of the coral reefs of the region, and additional evidence in favour of or against existing views regarding their growth will be eagerly anticipated.—ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Millfold Lane, Strand, W.C.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3178 received from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3179 from J. I. Maltai and Frank Gowing (Brace Grove); of No. 3180 from R. Nugent (Southwold), E. G. Rodway (Frowbridge), and A. Belcher (Weymouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3180 received from G. Bakker (Rotterdam), A. Belcher (Weymouth), Doryman, L. Desanges (West Drayton), Joseph Wilcock (Shrewsbury), J. A. Hancock (Bristol), E. G. Rodway (Frowbridge), Lieutenant D. E. Vines, K. M. Lambie (Wells), Shalfroth, Charles Burnett, A. Bates (Brestham), F. Ede (Canterbury), Frank Gowing (Brace Grove), Stop (Dawlish), T. Roberts, F. Henderson (Leeds), P. D. (Brighton), Charles Burnett, P. C. Holmes (Hounslow), R. Wortes (Canterbury), and E. J. Winter-Wood.

CHESS AT HASTINGS.

Game played in the match between MESSRS. MIERES and NAPIER.
(King's Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. N.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. B takes P	R to K sq (ch)
2. P to K 4th	P takes P	14. K to Q 2nd	R to K 4th
3. B to B 4th	Kt to K 4th	15. Q to K 5th	R to K 4th
4. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	16. K to B 2nd	Q to Q 3rd
5. Kt to K 4th	B to K 4th	17. R to Q sq	B to K 4th (ch)
6. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th	18. K to B sq	Q to K 1st
7. B to K 3rd		19. Q to K 5th	Q to K 5th
		20. K to K 3rd	R to K 3rd
		21. B takes B	

As there is nothing to be gained by P taking Kt, White's previous move can only be regarded as a useless one. He should have castled.

8. Kt takes P
9. Q to K 2nd
10. P to Q 4th
11. P to Q 4th
12. Q takes Kt

A good reply. It now he captures the Bishop, Kt takes P yields an overwhelming attack.

13. Kt to K 5th
14. B to Q 4th
Castles
15. Kt takes Kt
16. Kt takes Kt (ch)
17. B takes P

A good reply. It now he captures the Bishop, Kt takes P yields an overwhelming attack.

18. Kt to K 5th
19. Q to K 5th (ch)
20. Mates.

If Black play 1. B takes P, 2. Kt to Q 3rd, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3181.—By S. N. SASTRI, Cuddalore, India.

WHITE.
1. Kt to K 4th
2. Q to K 5th (ch)
3. Mates.

If Black play 1. B takes P, 2. Kt to Q 3rd, etc.

BLACK.
K to Q 4th
Any move.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in Coburg between MESSRS. JOHNS and HERNSTEIN.
(King's Pawn.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th
2. P to K 4th
3. B to B 4th
4. Kt to Q 3rd
5. Castles
6. P to Q 3rd
7. P to K 4th
8. B to K 4th
9. Q to Q 2nd
10. Kt to K 4th
11. P to K 5th
12. Q to K 5th
13. Kt to K 4th
14. P to K 5th
15. Q to K 5th
16. Kt to K 4th
17. B to B 4th
18. Kt to K 4th
19. Q to K 5th
20. Kt to K 4th
21. P to K 5th
22. Q to K 5th
23. Kt to K 4th
24. P to K 5th
25. Q to K 5th
26. Kt to K 4th
27. B to B 4th
28. Kt to K 4th
29. Q to K 5th
30. Kt to K 4th
31. Kt to Q 2nd
32. R takes R
33. Kt to B 4th

White's business now was to strike at the Castled King for all he was worth. P to Q 4th to gain a free hold for Queen and Rooks was here the right move.

13. Kt to K 4th
14. P to Q 3rd
15. Q to K 5th
16. Kt to K 4th
17. B to B 4th
18. Kt to K 4th
19. Q to K 5th
20. Kt to K 4th
21. P to K 5th
22. Q to K 5th
23. Kt to K 4th
24. P to K 5th
25. Q to K 5th
26. Kt to K 4th
27. B to B 4th
28. Kt to K 4th
29. Q to K 5th
30. Kt to K 4th
31. Kt to Q 2nd
32. R takes R
33. Kt to B 4th

Black offers no time for the elaboration of any schemes of strategy such as White's play at this point seems to contemplate. The entrance of this Knight breaks up everything.

By the death of the Rev. C. E. Ranken a name of no small repute becomes a memory of the past, and another of the fast-diminishing links between the present generation to the famous mid-Victorian period is broken. Mr. Ranken was not in the front rank of players, but as an analyst and commentator he had few English equals. He collaborated with Mr. Freeborough in the production of "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," the best work we have on the subject. He was at once modest and inventive, painstaking and accurate, though perhaps fashions have changed, his studies still hold good in almost every respect.

The death is also announced of Mr. Sidney P. Johnson, a well-known American player and editor. His best performance was a match with Mr. Pillsbury, when the score ended in his defeat by a single point in a match of fourteen games.

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OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

The season at Covent Garden, to be inaugurated on Monday night next with the first of the "Ring" performances, under the direction of Dr. Hans Richter, will hardly disappoint its patrons. Reference has been made already in these columns to the extent and variety of the programme, to the double Wagner cycle, to novelties like Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" and Leonini's "Cat and the Cherub," to interesting revivals such as "Orfeo," "Don Pasquale," and the "Barber of Seville." But we have not referred before to the number and equality of the artists engaged, nor have we called attention to the well-defined endeavour of the Grand Opera Syndicate to secure the best available new talent, while retaining the services of the established favourites.

A scrutiny of the list of artists engaged shows that five soprani and three contralti will be heard at Covent Garden for the first time this season, that there will be at least two new tenori and some half-dozen bassi and baritoni, one and all being artists of very considerable reputation. Of the fifty artists engaged to fill the leading rôles, more than thirty per cent. are new singers, and three or four of these are English. Such a list as the one before us shows that the directors of the syndicate have not failed to realise the importance of their undertaking in its relation to British musical development, that they are responsive to the claims of the younger generation. Moreover, they remain in touch with the centres of music on the Continent and across the Atlantic, and are disposed to give a hearing to all who deserve one. Such a company of artists as will assemble at Covent Garden in the thirteen weeks' season could not be seen at any other opera-house. It is worthy of note that the most of the bassi and baritoni engaged for the "Ring" performances have some relation with the United States—where Wagner's music is even more popular than it is here. Either they were born there or brought up there, or have made their début and acquired their position in America.

Madame Melba stands, of course, at the head of the soprani engaged, and will be heard in her favourite operas. Mlle. Destinn, who combines a voice of rarest quality with dramatic talent of very high order, will be with us again. Her visit last summer was interrupted by a royal command to return to Berlin for some musical festival; but she stayed long enough to make us regret her absence and look forward to her return. Fräulein Selma Kurz, whose appearance as Oscar in the "Ballo in Maschera" was one of the events of the season, will, we hope, renew her triumphs; and Madame Suzanne Adams is re-engaged. It will be pleasant to hear this fine singer once more in Mozart's operas, for she interprets his music with special charm, and it makes little demand upon her for qualities she does not possess. Miss Parkina, who sang so well in Saint-Saëns' "Paris and Hélène," is re-engaged. Mesdames Agnes Nicholls and Sobrino will desert the concert platform for the nonce. The last-named singer's voice and talent are at all times distinctly dramatic, and belong of right to opera. Fräulein Bosetti, who has established a great reputation in Munich in opéra bouffe, will make her first appearance at Covent Garden, and will be heard as Rosina in the "Barber of Seville," the part that roused our fathers to so much enthusiasm in nights when Patti sang. Miss Ludlam, a new-comer, studied with Señor García, and has been associated with the Carl Rosa Company.

To the list of contralti and mezzo-soprani Madame Kirkby Lunn gives the one familiar name. Since last summer she has added considerably to her reputation by her work in America, where she has sung the Kundry music with great distinction, and she is to be heard in the title rôle of Gluck's "Orfeo." Fräulein Behme brings a considerable reputation from Breslau; Madame Paulin is a favourite at the Brussels Opera House; and Mlle. Simcoli has satisfied the critical audiences of Milan. Miss Edna Thornton is an English girl who has found considerable favour in the provinces.

To the great regret of the syndicate and of her countless admirers, Madame Ternina will not be heard at Covent Garden this season. Her health remains very unsatisfactory, and she is unable to face the physical strain of grand opera. She will be very deeply missed, for in her own work she stands alone, unapproached and unapproachable.

Among the tenori are two new names, those of Signor Bravi, who comes from La Scala, and Herr Menzinsky, a Polish singer, who is coming from the Royal Opera House of Stockholm. Among the established favourites are Caruso, perhaps the most popular tenor in the world to-day; Herold, Dalmorès, Dufriche, Burrian, and Reiss.

The bassi and baritoni include the veteran Maurel, whose reappearance at Covent Garden in the autumn created such a furore. He will be heard as Figaro in the "Barber of Seville," and as Dr. Malatesta in "Don Pasquale." Herren Whitehill and Hüpeden come for the first time from Bayreuth to London to sing in the "Ring" operas. Van Rooy returns to give us the Wotan music in one of the cycles. That great artist Sammarco will doubtless do as well now as he did in the autumn, when his claim to a place in the front rank was admitted by the best judges. Signor Scotti is re-engaged, and among the last known of the remaining singers are MM. Cottrill, Desfriche, Gilbert (who will sing the "Don Pasquale" music), Jourmet, and Sewilbac, fine singers one and all.

Dr. Hans Richter will control the Wagner music, which he has made his own; M. Messager will preside over performances of certain of the lighter operas, and Signor Mancinelli will conduct the rest until the end of June, when Signor Campanini will help the syndicate for the last weeks of the season, leaving to fulfil an important engagement in South America. Opera flourishes like a green bay tree there, and singers and musicians of the first class can command very great rewards.

"HOBSON-JOBSON" IN NATAL: THE SO-CALLED "COOLIES' CHRISTMAS"

DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKOPK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. SADLER, DURBAN.



DROWNING THE DEVIL: THE CURIOUS INDIAN CELEBRATION NEAR DURBAN.

This strange ceremony is practised every Easter at the London Docks by the Lascar seamen, and is familiarly known as "Hobson-Jobson." At Uingeni, about four miles from Durban, the ceremony is known as the "Coolies' Christmas," and is celebrated on March 18. A huge temple is built of paper and cardboard, and this shrine, which is supposed to contain the devil, is first paraded with great solemnity and then sunk in the harbour. In London one of the steam-ship companies lends a tug-boat for the final submersion of the temple in the Thames. "Hobson-Jobson" is Thomas Atkins' corruption of the name of the Indian festival of Hussen and Husain.

STARS IN THE OPERA FIRMAMENT: GREAT SINGERS AT COVENT GARDEN DURING THE COMING SEASON.

[SEE ARTICLE ON CHIEF PAGE.]



1. MADAME KIRBY LUNN (CONTRALTO).
8. HERR MENZIESKY (TENOR).
13. MADAME SIMBOLI (CONTRALTO).

2. M. SWEILLAC (BARTONE).
14. HERR ZADOR (BARTONE).

3. HERR BURIAN (TENOR).
9. FRAU REINL (SOPRANO).
15. HERR HINCKLEY (BARTONE).

4. MADAME WITTICH (SOPRANO).
10. FRAULEIN DESTINY (SOPRANO).
16. MADAME MELBA (SOPRANO).

5. M. DALMORES (TENOR).
11. FRAU KRÜPPEL-EGLI (SOPRANO).
17. HERR HEROLD (TENOR).

6. SIGNOR SAMMARCO (BARTONE).
18. MR. WHITFIELD (BASS).

7. MADAME ROSETTI (SOPRANO).
12. M. COTREUIL (BASS).
19. MADAME SORRINO (SOPRANO).

RECLAIMING LAND FOR IRON-MINING BY A GREAT FEAT OF ENGINEERING: THE IIODBARROW SEA-WALL IN CUMBERLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE TOMCAL PRESS.



1. THE FLAT TOP OF THE WALL: SEAWARD MASSES OF LIMESTONE;
LANDWARD A COVERING OF SHORT HERBAGE.

1. THE SEA-FACE OF THE EMBANKMENT AT THE WEST END: SHELL
OF LIMESTONE UNPROTECTED BY CONCRETE.

GRANITE BLOCKS OF CONCRETE ON THE WESTERN SEA-FACE.

7. TOP OF THE WALL NEAR THE CENTRE,
SHOWING THE LAST STONES LAID
AND THE TRAVELLING-CRANE.

6. THE LAST STONE LAID, APRIL 13:
INSCRIPTION CUT IN RED GRANITE
FROM ASSHURAN.

2. A GENERAL VIEW FROM THE SEA-WALL FROM THE WEST, SHOWING
THE EXTENT OF THE RECLAIMED GROUND.

5. JUNCTION OF CONCRETE BLOCKS, WITH RAGGED SHELL OF LIMESTONE.

8. TILED CONCRETE BLOCKS OFFERING GREATER RESISTANCE TO
THE WAVES. (NOTE THE CHAINS OF THE SLUICE-GATES THAT
DRAINED THE RECLAIMED AREA.)

The work has been carried out by Messrs. John Aird and Co. on the Cumberland bank of the Duddon: 170 acres have been reclaimed from the sea in order to enable the IIOdbarrow Mine Company to follow rich veins of iron ore below high-water mark. The height of the embankment above the sea-bed is 40 feet, and its flat top 10 feet wide. Nearly 1,500,000 tons of limestone, 1,000,000 tons of clay, and 150,000 tons of concrete have been used in its construction, which has occupied nearly five years, and its cost has been £500,000.

JUST CLEAR: THE PERILS OF THE LEVEL CROSSING.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR LEWIS



MOTOR AND LOCOMOTIVE: A DASH FOR LIFE.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London was invited to Yorkshire for the opening of the Wakefield Cathedral extension. He was to be the guest of Dr. MacLagan at Bishop-

It was remarked at Dr. Winnington-Ingram's closing services in West London he looked decidedly weary, though his addresses showed all his usual vigour. A number of the members of the majority of the shippers have been men.

The Rev. E. B. Hartley, who has accepted from the Bishop of London the Vicarage of Mill Hill, near Hendon, has laboured with much success at St. Luke's, Hackney, for the last ten years. Mill Hill ought to prove a less exacting parish than Hackney, as its population is under 3,000, while St. Luke's is 14,000.

Father Stanton, who has been preaching constantly in London during Lent, has left town for a month's rest. A very large congregation attended St. Alban's, Holborn, for the three hours' service on Good Friday, when Father Stanton was the preacher.

The Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Gore, was present at Carrs Lane at the funeral service for the late much-lamented Lord Mayor, Councillor Rowland Hill Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain sat near the Bishop, and in the same pew were Canon Denton Thompson, Canon Owen, and ex-Mayor Alderman Sir Halliwell Rogers. Sir Oliver Lodge, Principal of the University, was in the congregation. The Rev. J. H. Jowett delivered the funeral address.

Lord Overton is always much in request at Presbyterian missionary meetings, and he made a very successful speech last week at the Queen's Hall,

Langham Place. He feels strongly that English audiences do not sufficiently appreciate the gravity of the Scottish Church crisis, so he gave a detailed account of the hardships which the United Free

annual sermon in Westminster Abbey on the morning of June 4.

Canon Denton Thompson has been instituted to the living of St. Martin's, Birmingham. His first sermon was preached on the evening of Palm Sunday. The new rector said he had been greeted in the kindest way by both Churchmen and Nonconformists. He read a letter of hearty welcome from the Rev. J. H. Jowett, of Carrs Lane.

The income of the Church Missionary Society shows a deficit for the year of about £30,000. The committee are making an earnest appeal for increased support, though they admit that after the generous efforts made last year, it is not surprising that there should be some reaction, especially during a time of financial depression. V.

The water-colour studies of bird-life by Mr. George E. Lodge are collected and shown at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo Street. If the true definition of genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, Mr. Lodge is a genius of high order. He deserves the praises due even to those who make no great pretensions to high artistic talent. His work would, we think, be more easily criticised and appreciated if he did not set his studies of feathered life in landscape settings; for while his observation of birds is most acute, his understanding of earth and the elements is not subtle. We must mention for particular praise such drawings as "Black Game," "Golden Eagle," "Mallard Alighting on Water"—in which last drawing the action of the bird in flight has been well noted. Mr. Lodge has made record of a curious fact in natural history in his drawing of "Red-backed Shrikes with their Larder."



RUSSIAN PRISONERS OF WAR AND THEIR JAPANESE CHAPLAINS AT NAGASAKI.

The chief interest of this photograph is the presence of two Japanese priests of the Orthodox Greek Church (in second row from the left), who minister to the spiritual wants of the Russian prisoners. These clergy prove the eclecticism of religion in Japan.

Church is now enduring. There could be no question of the sympathy of Lord Overton's audience.

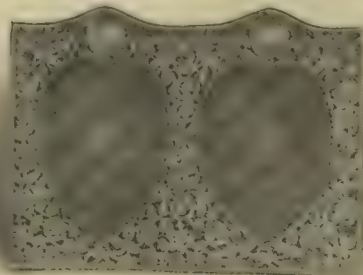
Bishop Johnson will preside on June 20 at the annual meeting of the Indian Church Aid Association, and Bishop Mylne, late of Bombay, will preach the

Wedding Presents in Solid Silver

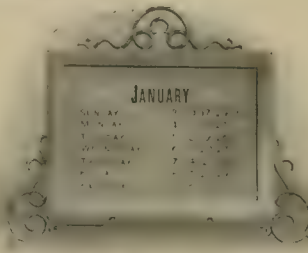
Every intending purchaser of Wedding Presents in Solid Silver should inspect the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's Stock and compare the prices and quality before deciding elsewhere.



Silver Cream Frame, with Cream Frame, with Silver, £6 7s. 6d.



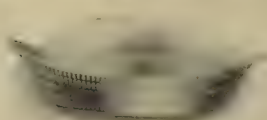
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Silver Flask for Pocket.
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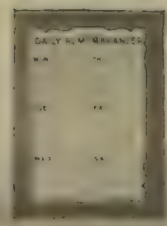


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LADIES' PAGES.

On May 12 the first of the great charity functions that always mark the London season is due. There is to be a grand concert at the Albert Hall, under the special patronage of the Prince of Wales, and the management of a committee of which Sir Edward Ward (who so ably manages the Military Tournament) is a member, in support of the Union Jack Club for soldiers and sailors. The King and Queen are expected to attend, and Madame Melba will be amongst the performers. Three thousand seats are to be provided at only half-a-crown, while even in the arena a guinea each will pay for a stall, and fifteen shillings for a reserved seat. It is very shallow to talk of the defence of the country being that performed only by the Army and Navy, for a chief factor in modern warfare is wealth, and the sinews of war in that respect are provided by women and civilian men. All the same, the gallant men who are standing in the front of the nation, prepared to give their lives at the call of duty, have a specially warm place in women's hearts; and as the object of the concert is to provide a temporary home for both soldiers and sailors on their visits to the Metropolis, it should secure the sympathy and presence of crowds of ladies.

Miss Bellingham, the lucky young lady who has been asked by the Marquis of Bute to share his immense wealth and his title, is having her portrait painted at her fiancé's request, for addition to the family portrait gallery as soon as the wedding takes place, which, it is expected, will be some time this season. The painter is Carolus Duran. No doubt the picture will be seen in the Royal Academy in due course, but it will not be there this year, as it is not finished. Miss Bellingham, like the Marquis of Bute, belongs to an old Roman Catholic family. The leading Catholic ladies of England are following the wish of the present Pope in abjuring low-cut dresses. This has even gone to the point of permission being now refused to reproduce photographs that were taken of these same ladies in décolleté gowns before the Pope's prohibition was published. The extent to which Catholic women in this country are following the wish (for it was hardly an order) of the Pope indicates how vast is the influence of the head of that Church on conduct, and makes one wonder if a similar word could not change more important matters—for instance, the cruelty to the lower animals so regrettably prevalent.

It is curious to see what professions women desire to enter, and to note that they do not take up some that appear much more suitable than others into



A HANDSOME AFTERNOON DRESS.

This gown is in grey silk, the frilled sleeves giving a particularly smart effect. The yoke and trimmings are of guipure lace of the same colour as the silk.

which they do rush. For instance, in the recent United States census it is shown that there were 196 women blacksmiths, 63 who called themselves quarrymen, 1320 professional hunters and trappers of beasts for their fur; and yet there were only three in an occupation which seems much more suitable than any of those—to wit, that of an auctioneer. But if women have not shown themselves alive to the opportunity afforded them for their well-known fluency of speech in the auctioneer's rostrum, they have in America sought an opening for that particular talent in the pulpit, for there are no fewer than 3405 clergywomen! There are 7399 women physicians and surgeons, and 787 women dentists, but only 14 "vets." Moreover, professional women in America have attained a more real place in all that they undertake than they have here. That there are many women lawyers in the United States is well known, but it is a token of the reality of their standing that there are several women who teach law in recognised schools to men students. Here, we have women doctors, and many women patients trust them, but when an eminent woman surgeon in Dublin, Dr. Winifred Dickson, was appointed by the College of Surgeons to be one of the examiners of those students, whether men or women, who wanted to pass in the subject of which she was specially mistress, the male students organised a perfect revolutionary demonstration, and the lady's appointment had to be withdrawn.

From the United States, on the contrary, I learn that Mrs. Sherman has been appointed Instructor in Parliamentary Law in one of the most celebrated legal schools of the country, the "John Marshall Law School"; "John Marshall" was a famous Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. Mrs. Sherman is the author of a book on the subject named, which is in its fourth edition; and although the position to which she is nominated has always hitherto been filled by men of national reputation, nobody objects to her succeeding to it now. Even here, however, a recent instance may perhaps show a tendency to permit able women to show their capacity in the law, at any rate, in a literary direction. At the recent annual meeting of the Selden Society, the Lord Chief Justice, who presided, spoke in the highest terms of a lady's editorship of one of the volumes issued by the Society during the past year.

Should your thoughts be turned to an evening gown that will be at once smart and economical, black is the motto. It need not be dull or even monotonous in shade, for there is a variety in the tone of black that will relieve the effect, and you can add a relief of a rich brocade or of jet or coloured passementerie that will prevent any heavy or mourning effects. Black chiffon may form the covering, and black taffetas glacé the foundation, and the deep-shaped belt that defines the waist, with the chiffon fully gathered into the top of the belt, a line of handsome black and white, or

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black and silver, or white sparkling with gold sequins and seed pearls, passing round the edges of the belt, top and bottom, and finally a good lace fichu drawn round the top of the décolletage, and what could one have more effective? The passementerie can be repeated on the skirt; a line of it up either side of the flat front, for example, will be up to date. A black crêpe-de-Chine that I have seen was in this wise; the corsage was almost wholly composed by the very deep belt, brought to a steep point in front, of taffetas, buttoned down the centre with tiny paste buttons; over the shoulders was a Marie Antoinette fichu of white muslin edged with a beautiful double frill of Brussels lace; this tucked into the top of the belt, and was held at the left side of the bosom with a cluster of red roses; the sleeves were nearly tight-fitting, for the fichu came well over them at the top; and they finished at the elbow with a deep frill of muslin edged with lace. The skirt was plain, but had three lines of gauged taffetas on it at intervals from the knee down.

Medallions of black and white lace also are good to smarten and brighten an all-black dinner gown. Quite lovely was a painted black crêpe-de-Chine, on which branches of lilac were artistically thrown all up the front and in swags on sides and back. Things like this can be done at home by women who possess clever fingers. Passementeries can be made for personal use by a "natty" workwoman at a mere tithe of the cost of purchasing them ready executed, and many women have so much time on hand nowadays that some work of an order dainty enough and not too cumbersome for drawing-room employment is really a boon to occupy their evening hours and supply interest to them. Some embroideries which at first glance look very elaborate prove, on closer inspection, not to be impossible to copy. For the wearer's personal use, it cannot be considered unfair to take the idea from a quarter of a yard of professional work bought as a pattern. White, black or coloured moiré makes a good ground-work. Floss silks in shades of pink, blue and green make a passementerie that chimes in with the taste of the hour, which is all for so-called "Pompadour" effects. Pink and blue, of course, are the Pompadour combination, but a little green intermixed seems to harmonise the others and softens the effect. Nature's lesson, green harmonises every other tone, is taught in each spring flower. An effective embroidery is made by cutting patterns out of a coarse lace, and appliqueing them with chain-stitch or with concealed stitches on a coloured bit of silk laid on a plain ground.

Toilette accessories are always of consequence, and indifference to details will spoil the richest costume, but it is long since gloves have had so great an importance as they now claim in the *tout ensemble*. The sleeves of smart gowns are nearly all cut off not far below the elbow, and beneath the lace frills that



A DAINY LACE ROBE.

The combination of fine and coarse varieties of lace has a smart effect. This gown is for the most part of a fine and delicate lace, while the bands of trimming are coarse guipure.

A SOCIAL FAVOURITE.

Already, the Symmetrion has achieved considerable popularity, many of the best known Society leaders having found it infinitely more beneficial, and more permanent in its effects than mere external applications of various ointments and emollients. The ladies of the theatrical profession have also accorded it a hearty welcome, and many of them have written the most glowing eulogies of it. Mrs. Kendal, for instance, one of the most charming and intellectual of our English actresses, after a short experience of the Symmetrion, has written as follows: "I must congratulate you on the Symmetrion. I can most confidently recommend it to all women. It teaches the correct carriage of the head, makes walking a pleasure, and is in many ways a boon to women. I should be more than selfish to keep this experience to myself." In fact, no *bonheur* is thoroughly up to date without the Symmetrion.

MOULDING HUMAN STATUARY.

The human figure, it must be remembered, is exceedingly plastic, and it is the province of the Symmetrion to mould it into pleasing and harmonious proportions. It overcomes the ugliness of flat busts and hips by giving them a graceful and pretty curve. The neck is made round and shapely, and the shoulders nicely rounded. The woman who wishes to reduce the measurement of her waist will soon find out that the Symmetrion accomplishes this in quite an easy and natural manner without any injurious pressure upon the muscles of the abdomen. And a flexibility is also given to the waist which imparts grace and buoyancy to the carriage and deportment. By causing the blood to flow swiftly through the veins the skin is well nourished, and the complexion made charmingly fresh and clear. In fact, both in face and form, the Symmetrion will bring about wonderful improvements in the simplest and most natural way. This is not what we say, but what is said daily by thousands of grateful women who have tested it.

ECONOMISES TIME AND MONEY.

The busy woman will find the Symmetrion a great economiser of time. Instead of the morning being wasted over the tedious and troublesome application of cosmetics, the Symmetrion only requires a few minutes each day. It can be fitted up in the boudoir in the twinkling of an eye, and, after use, removed with equal facility and celerity. It is economical, too, from a purely pecuniary point of view; for the original cost of the Symmetrion is only 12s. 6d., and no subsequent outlay is necessary. When out of use, it can be neatly packed away in the daintiest of cases, so that it makes quite an artistic ornament for the dressing-table. And what is, perhaps, its greatest advantage over all the much-venerated beauty "cures," is the fact

there finish the effect long gloves are of the utmost importance. They must be chosen to harmonise with the gown. White gloves of elbow length will not be worn with coloured dresses, as for the past three seasons the shorter white gloves have been put on impartially with all coloured frocks. No, now you must either choose a colour that is a close match to that of the gown, or a delicate shade of tan or biscuit. The whole effect depends on the gloves being satisfactory, as they are so much in evidence when they reach so high on the arm. Moreover, the small pelerines or capelets that are being made do not cover the wrists at all, but leave the glove the sole responsibility of completing the toilette in that situation.

Hat-pins form another trilling detail that has gained in importance this season. The small toques and turbans offer particular prominence to the hat-pins, which are not lost in the vast surface of the shape, as they are on the huge picture-hats; they are at once in evidence on the smaller and more compact shapes of the hour. The variety and prettiness of these little adjuncts leave nothing to be desired. There are some charming ones in enamel, translucent and delicate, to match the colour of any tulle or flowers that may appear on the chapeau. Then there are great pins, in flagrant gold or imitating blossoms of some kind, that in themselves form an integral part of the appearance of the hat, almost as much so as do the gay pins of the Parisian "nou-nou" set in her Alsatian cap. There are other hat-pins which are real articles of jewellery, the heads set with chrysoprases, or with amethysts. Of course, no lady will wear big paste pins, but gold balls, studded with turquoises or seed pearls, are in perfect taste. Jet, again, makes an excellent addition in the form of hat-pins to many hats. Each chapeau ought to be supplied with pins to suit its own material and style.

But let clothes be of as much importance as they may, after all personal appearance is of far greater consequence. For more than one generation there has been a consent amongst those who study the question that the preparations made by Rowlands are of the very best value for this purpose. While any number of mushroom preparations have come and gone, Rowlands' Macassar Oil retains its popularity, averting the hair falling, brightening it, and preventing that dry appearance and that brittle state that are so fatal. Then, again, the tooth-powder known as Odonto is just as famous for its utility in preserving the teeth from the need of the dentist's attentions, and whitening them and making them agreeable instead of a blemish, as ill-cared-for teeth must ever be. Articles that stand the test of time as these preparations have done are thereby declared to be valuable; experience endorses them effectually. FILOMENA.

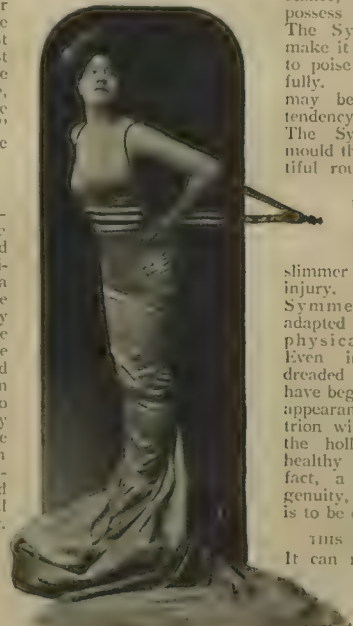
THE ROYAL ROAD TO BEAUTY.

THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE OVER ARTIFICIAL METHODS.

Society as it is constituted to-day is very exacting in its demands. The strain is sufficient to break down the strongest, and yet notwithstanding the eternal round of social functions, and the unhealthy atmosphere of excitement that envelops most of them, a woman is expected to preserve her freshness of complexion, her vivacity of spirits, and her youthfulness of appearance right through a whole London season. She must by some means disguise the slightest semblance of a wrinkle, the faintest evidence of ennui, or else her place in the social world will quickly be usurped by some young and ambitious rival, who is better able to sustain the strain of a London season.

NATURAL METHODS THE BEST.

What is the result? The woman who in her inmost heart loathes any sort of artificial aids to beauty often finds it necessary to resort to the use of facial emollients and other injurious devices. It is a *dernier ressort*, and temporarily at least enables her to hold her position against all assaults. But only for a very brief space, and then the blow falls heavier than ever. Such women have been for years looking forward to some more natural, more healthy method of fighting against the inroads of Time, and just at the critical moment they have found the very thing they required in Sandow's Symmetrion. This is an ingenious little apparatus which has been invented by Eugen Sandow to enable woman to obtain and maintain beauty by purely natural means. It accomplishes this not by means of tiring gymnastics, but by easy, simple movements which it is an absolute pleasure even for an invalid to perform.

THE SANDOW GIRL.
The Type the Symmetrion Creates.

THE SYMMETRION IN USE.

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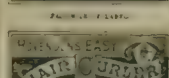
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ART NOTES.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour does credit to its traditions, in so far as its exhibition is representative of what is best of its kind to-day; but how far it does credit to the great English school of the art is a question less easily answered. The medium that was so spontaneous and free in the hands of Turner, De Windt, and Cotman is to-day used with but a cramped spirit and hand; and the life of the art had almost departed but for a new vitality that is brought into it by a certain few of its exponents.

palaces, Venetian canals, and Venetian light; in the other the scene is the bed of a torrent. Stones, rounded by running waters, lie strewn upon the ground, their shapes clear in the light of a garish day, a light that is not sympathetic—but is true. Mr. Sargent does not always pause to calculate his effects. He is concerned only with the effort of rendering a reality. We need not say that he triumphs.

One of the most important drawings of the year, both by reason of its size and the extreme care and

Alexander lacks. His animals are full of wild drama and splendid motion. "Tigress and Cubs" is the solitary drawing he contributes to the Society's exhibition, but it is a landmark of sincerity and strength upon the walls. The great maternal animal stands above and watches over the crouching forms of her drinking cubs, and the scene is in a tangle of forest such as Mr. Swan knows how to depict. Wildness is what is wanting in Mr. Tuke's "Cupid and Sea-Nymphs." The Cupid is obviously a boy of flesh and blood, and the sea-nymphs are



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Mr. Sargent's extreme energy has not allowed him to accept the sleepy and confined convention he found. His two drawings, the first to greet the visitor at the Society's gallery in Pall Mall East, show how swift may be the execution, and how vivid the results of water-colour; and the success of such efforts will do much to banish pettiness of manner and meanness of matter from its prevailing position. Mr. Sargent's water-colours of Venice have lately been astonishing the public at the Carfax Gallery. The two drawings here will do hardly less; for they, too, are triumphs of reality. In one we have a sidelong view of Venetian

capability of its execution, is the "Peacock and Python," by Mr. Edwin Alexander, A.R.S.A. It is a subject that would with more drama have been painful; but Mr. Alexander's talent is not dramatic. We therefore can look on the death-struggle of the gorgeous bird with a certain equanimity, nor do we shudder at the cruel coils and vicious eye of the python. But if it misses the flurry and movement of the situation, the drawing has other qualities of no mean merit. Mr. J. M. Swan, R.A. (we congratulate the Academy on his acceptance of its full honours), has just those qualities that Mr.

maiden who visit the ocean only in the summer months, and then with much timidity. Mr. Tuke also sends drawings of boats and waves, of which he is the master. Another Associate of the Academy, Mr. Napier Henry, is no less faithful to salt-water. His fine "The Morning Boat" is full of the good qualities that are familiarly his; and with these good qualities are also equally certain limitations. He has yet to discover the poetry and emotional qualities of his subject, yet to realise that there is more to be seen than mere wave-form, and more to be got out of the waters than mere fish. But

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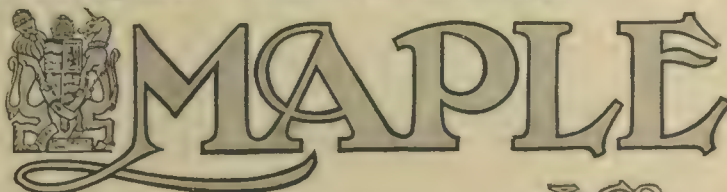
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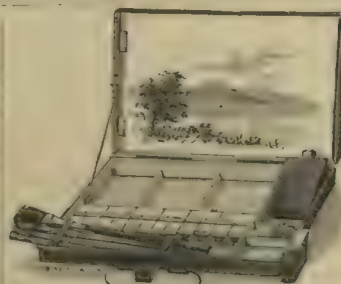
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we will not criticise where such unusual excellence of execution and carefulness of observation of certain things have play. Other waters and other skies occupied the skilful brush of Miss Clara Montalbo, who sends us a picture of a landscape in Autumn. E.

At the Bruton Galleries, in Bruton Street, Mr. Alfred A. Wolmark exhibits works recently executed by him in Krakow, and we have pleasure in welcoming to this country pictures which certainly instruct us in the art of painting. The subjects are of a kind which are not common in our galleries. But Mr. Wolmark is not a painter of the kind who paints for the sake of painting. He is an artist of ambitions. He has painted with feeling and imagination in such works as "The Carpenter's Child," wherein, despite the modernity of the scene, is some suggestion of a Divine Family in the figures of earnest father, tender mother, and speculative child. The watchful intention of the maternal face is perhaps the most meaningful feature of the whole exhibition. It is in the direction of a sympathetic observation of real things that Mr. Wolmark should proceed, and we are supported in this view by another study of a carpenter's workshop. In this the artist has freed himself from the somewhat theatrical convention that has captured him in some larger efforts, and has merely observed the intrinsic interests of light. To-day it is only a mastery of dramatic expression that justifies the use of a subject such as Mr. Wolmark has chosen in "The Last Days of Rabbi Ben Ezra." The natural genius of the age is for the expression of the truths of nature—truths discovered by Wordsworth and at Barbizon. And Mr. Wolmark does better in the rediscovery of these truths than in the attempt to follow where the unusual genius of Rembrandt would lead him. So simple a study, devoid of the garnish of costume and drama, as the "Study of a Boy," is most significant both of the tendency of present-day art, and of the direction in which, as we think, Mr. Wolmark should steadfastly turn his steps. W. M.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1901) of Miss ELIZABETH CAROLINE BROWN, of the Red House, Bayswater Hill, The Larches, East Grinstead, and Ormesby House, Middlesbrough, who died on Feb. 9, has just been proved by Thomas Rawle and William Henry Wood, the value of the estate amounting to £231,531. The testatrix gives £4,000 to the Ormesby Cottage Hospital; £2,000 to the North Riding Infirmary, Middlesbrough; £500 each to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the National Lifeboat Institution, Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital, the London Hospital, the Fever Hospital, the Royal London Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, the Children's Hospital, the London Green; St. Mary's Hospital, and the East Grinstead Cottage Hospital. She also gives Ormesby House to John Wood; her residence The Larches, with the furniture, etc., £500, the balance of her account at the London and Westminster Bank, and £500 per annum to her maid Elizabeth Bunting (the last conditionally on her remaining unmarried), and legacies to friends and servants. Two eighths of the residue of her property she leaves each to Thomas Rawle and William Henry Wood, and one eighth each to Charles Haselton Gilbert, Lady Russell, wife of Sir Peter Russell, Laura Dumaresq, and George William Fox.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1897) of Miss CAROLINE ELIZABETH SINGLETON, of The Limes, Arundel Road, Eastbourne, who died on Feb. 24, was proved on March 23 by the Rev. Henry Francis Mallett, John Singleton, the nephew, and William Herbert Evans, the value of the estate being £130,304. The testatrix bequeaths £1,000 each to the Bishop of London's Fund, the East London Church Fund, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary Society of Africa and the East, the Society for Organising Charitable Relief, the Queen Victoria Clergy Sustentation Fund, and the Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Church of England; £500 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Railway Benevolent Institution,

the Church of England Scripture-Readers' Association, the Church Army, the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, the Curates' Augmentation Fund, the Metropolitan Hospital, the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates, and the Metropolitan Nursing Institution; £100 each to the Portsmouth Soldiers' Institution and the Missions to Seamen; £10,000 to Major William Augustus Scott; £2,000 to and £15,000, in trust, for her nephew, the Rev. James Sydenham F. Singleton; £10,000 to the Rev. Henry Francis Mallett; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew, John Singleton.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1902) of Mr. WILLIAM WALKINSHAW, of Hartley Grange, Winchfield, Hants, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on April 4 by Frank Walkinshaw, the son, and Robert Mackenzie and Alexander Campbell, the value of the real and personal estate being £110,100. The testator settles the Hartley Grange estate and £38,500 on his son; and he gives £10,000, in trust, for his daughter, Ethel Maria Stephenson, in addition to the provision made for her on her marriage; £500 to and £15,000 in trust for his daughter Alice, if still a spinster; £1,000 to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Dunlop Barr; one half of the contents of his wine-cellar to his son-in-law, Harry Goodwyn Stephenson; and £200 to his gardener, Thomas McClure. All other his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1904) of Mr. MANLEY ASHWIN, of Abergavenny, who died on Feb. 14, has been proved by the Rev. Forster Ashwin, the Rev. Charles Godfrey Ashwin, and the Rev. Hamilton Ashwin, the brothers, the value of the estate being £68,123. The testator gives £500 to Lucy Georgina Hamilton; £100 each to his nephews and nieces; £100 to Mrs. Violet Maud Ashwin; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his three brothers, share and share alike.

The will (made on Jan. 11, 1900), with a codicil, of Mr. SAMUEL SHARP, of Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, and of Messrs. Sharp, Perrin, and Co., 31, Old Change, who died on Feb. 28, has been proved by Mrs. Julia Augusta Sharp, the widow, and Alfred Sharp, the son, the value of the property being sworn at £54,227; the

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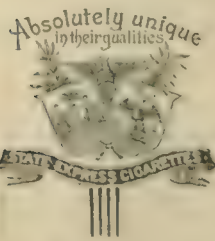
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testator gives £100 to the Aged Pilgrims' Friends Society for their asylum at Hornsey Rise; £6000, in trust, for his grandchildren Ethel Maude, Winifred, and Victor Herbert; £1500 to his daughter-in-law Maude Louise Richards; and £4000 to his wife. One third of the proceeds of the property is to be paid to his daughter Mrs. Lydia E. Nunn.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1900) of Mr. FIELDING NALDER, of 94, St. George's Square, who died on March 10, was proved on March 28 by Andrew Alfred Collier-Bristow and Thomas Smith Curtis, the surviving executors, the value of the property being £40,603. The testator gives £500 to his wife; a debenture bond for £120 per annum each to his sons and £100 per annum each to his daughters. Subject thereto, he leaves all his estate, in trust for his wife, and on her decease to his four children Evelyn Julia, John Fielding, Noel Francis, and Alice Beatrice.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1902), with a codicil, of CORNWALLIS, FIRST EARL DE MONTALT, of Dundrum, Tipperary, and the Carlton Club, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on April 10 by Lord Colchester and Viscount Monck, the value of the property being £25,544. The testator leaves the bulk of his property to his daughter Lady Florence Elizabeth Maude, and he directs that all his real estate is to be sold and two-sixths of the proceeds held in trust for his daughter Lady Florence, and one-sixth each held in trust for his daughters Lady Isabella Grace, Lady Colchester, Lady Kathleen Bushe, Lady Elphinstone Agnes Sugden, and Lady Antonia Lillian Maude.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1903) of SIR THOMAS WEMYSS REID, of 26, Branham Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 26, has been proved by his sons John Alexander Reid and Harold Reid, the value of the estate being £9249. The testator leaves all he shall die possessed of to his wife, she to have the income thereof for life and providing a home for

his daughter, and subject thereto such property is to be divided among his three children, John Alexander Reid, Harold Reid, and Eleanor Janet Berry Reid.

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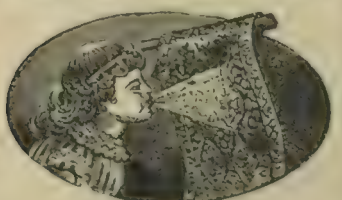
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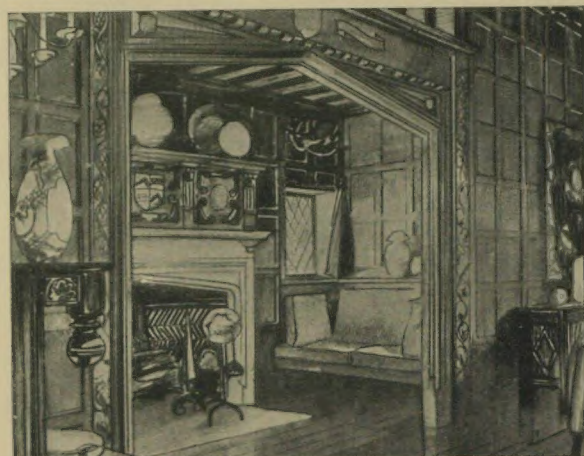
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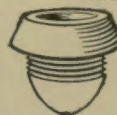
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DEATH TO THE CIGARETTE.

The ordinary pipe is too strong for
most cigarette smokers, and, more-
over, although with the cigarette
there is nothing to prevent the nicot-
ine moisture from getting to the
system in large quantities, with the
ordinary pipe, after the newness has
worn off, the nicotine moisture
comes through the stem in such
large quantities at frequent inter-
vals as to create a nausea, and
consequently a quick return
to the delicate and pernicious cigarette.

The 'URN' Pipe is the only pipe that
can absolutely prevent the nicotine
moisture from reaching the system.

A Perfect Pipe found after searching 30 years.

The Manager, The Patent 'URN' Pipe Co., H.M.S. "Royal Sovereign," Home Squadron, Dover.
Dear Sir,—Your letter to hand asking my opinion of the 'URN' Pipe I purchased from you some time back
over twenty years ago—to discover a pipe that was sweet, smoked to the bottom of the bowl, and put no
nicotine in my mouth, and, till I tried yours, I have never discovered one. Generally they go all right for
six days together; so I had to go to the old-fashioned pipe till the next patent came along; but, like the
man who believed in the water-tight leather boot, I have persevered and have become successful at last. Be-
lieve me, I found it unnecessary, as, although the bowl would be hot, the pipe itself was cool and sweet, and the
combination perfect. Please send me one of the latest in case, for which I enclose cheque; any difference in size, the largest.
Yours faithfully, WM. C. EASTON, Lieut. R.N.

P.S.—I never mind saying a good word for a good thing, so you can make what use of this you like.—W. C. E.

A SCIENTIST'S OPINION.

Dear Sir,—Having dropped across your Patent 'URN' Pipe whilst in London last month, I thought one
and now I can testify to it being not only a perfect pipe for smoking, but also one which is modelled on
strictly scientific lines. It will prove a boon to smokers who are troubled with sensitive hearts, as the
majority of noxious material is condensed before the smoke reaches the mouth. My pipe has been
borrowed by several admiring friends, who, when they once got hold of it, are very loath to part with it.
I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. STEWART KILBR, A.R.C.S., F.R.S., A.I.C.

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THE ROYAL TOURS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: CURIOSITIES OF SICILY.



1. THE CASTLE OF EURYALUS AT SYRACUSE.

2. THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS IN THE LATOMIA (QUARRY) DEL PARADISO.

3. THE TOWER OF ST. LUCIA.

4. VIEW FROM A GROTTA IN THE QUARRIES.

5. REMAINS OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AND SO-CALLED ALTAR OF HIERO AT SYRACUSE.

The castle of Euryalus was built by Dionysius during the war against the Carthaginians. It was finished in 397 B.C. The grotto known as "the Ear of Dionysius" is hewn to represent a human ear, and has the most wonderful acoustic properties. The tearing of a piece of paper within it sounds like a volley of musketry. It is said that from a chamber above the grotto Dionysius used to listen to the conversations of his prisoners in the quarries, the legend being founded on a passage of Cicero, which mentions that Dionysius had such a chamber in one of his prisons. So late as the sixteenth century, however, this grotto was not connected with the tyrant of Syracuse. Santa Lucia is the patron saint of Syracuse.



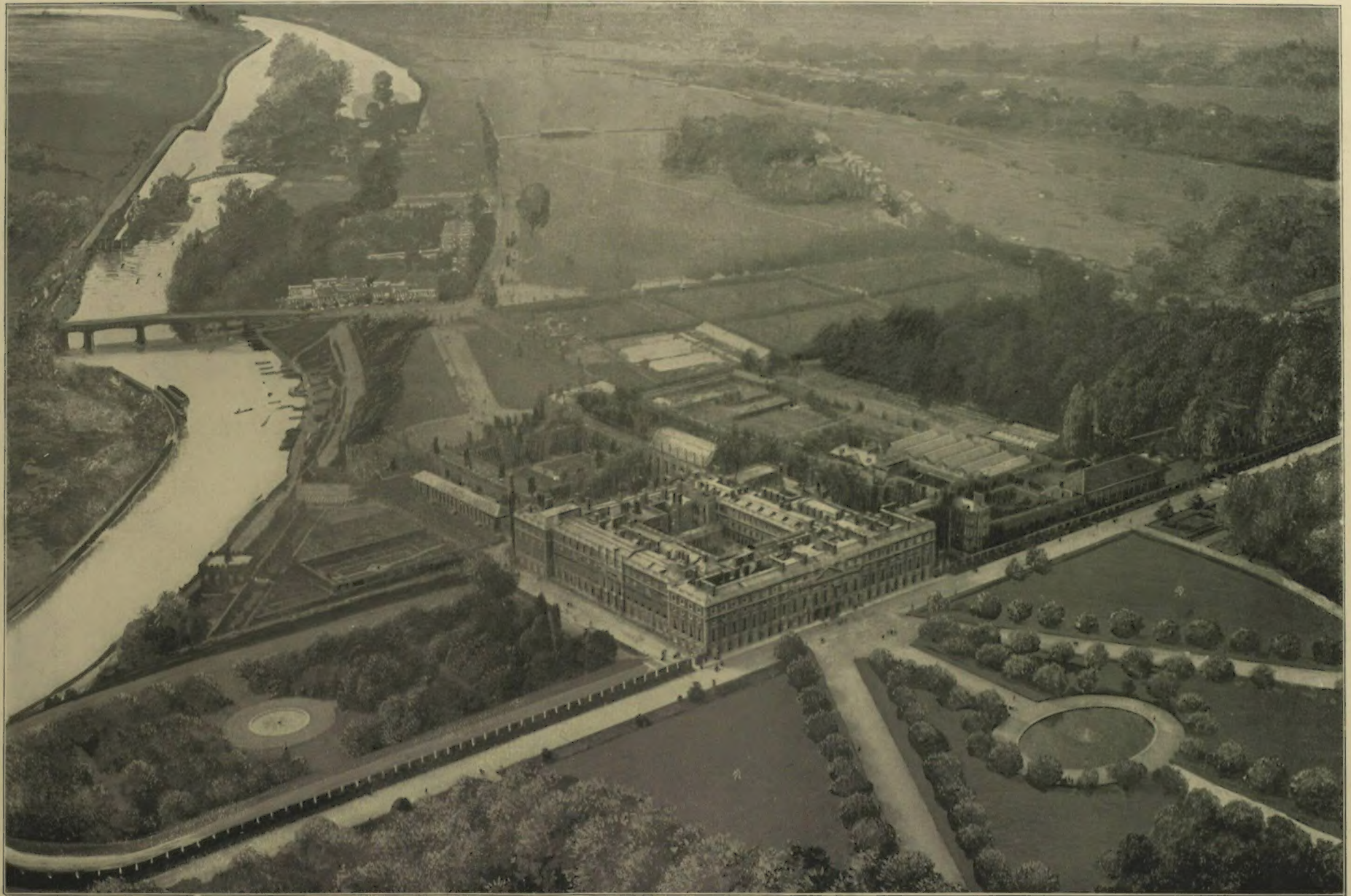
EARTHQUAKE AND EXODUS: THE FLIGHT OF NATIVES FROM LAHORE AFTER THE CATASTROPHE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The tremendous disturbance at Lahore, which not only wrecked the splendid buildings of the city, but wrought widespread havoc in the native quarter, was accompanied by scenes of wild terror and confusion. The streets were crowded with fugitives, and as shock succeeded shock more buildings collapsed, even upon the crowds as they made their way towards the open spaces.

BRITAIN FROM THE CLOUDS: HAMPTON COURT PALACE SEEN FROM A BALLOON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. SPENCER.



A GREAT HOLIDAY RESORT OF LONDONERS; CARDINAL WOLSEY'S FAMOUS FOUNDATION ON THE THAMES.

The palace is built round two quadrangles, of which the older is a splendid example of Tudor architecture. The other, which is pseudo-classical, dates from the time of William and Mary. The older quadrangle is known as the Clock Court, from the curious astronomical clock which lay for many years neglected in a lumber-room, but was restored to its place during the nineteenth century. It tells the day of the month, the year, the signs of the zodiac, and the phases of the moon. The great hall was built by Henry VIII. Wolsey erected the palace for his own use, but was constrained by Henry to present it to him.